

COUNTRY LIFE, FEBRUARY 7th, 1920.

BOR AT SALONICA AND THE VARDAR MARSHES. By G. D. Armour.  
THE USES OF MEMORY. By V. H. Friedlaender.

# COUNTRY LIFE

TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

OL. XLVII. No. 1205.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

Entered as Second-class Matter at the  
New York, N.Y., Post Office.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1920.

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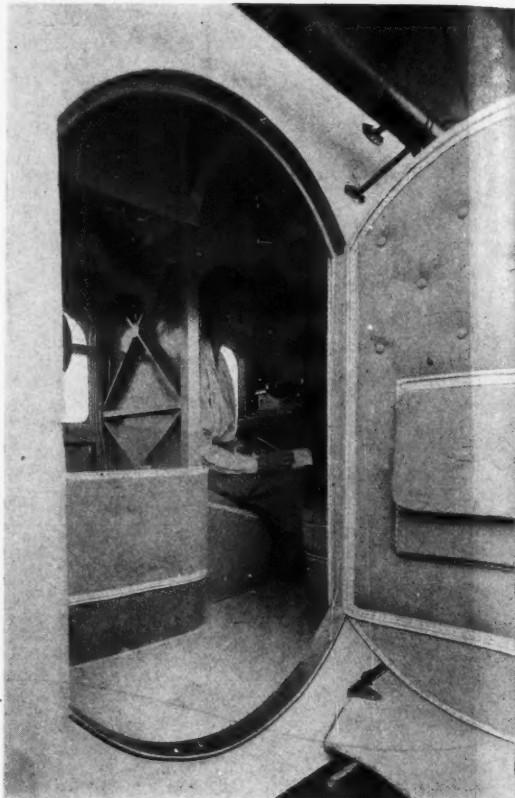
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8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1920.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.  
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]



RITA MARTIN.

THE MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD.

74, Baker Street, W.1.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.  
Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

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## AMERICA AND EUROPE

**T**WO communications of far more than casual importance have been made during the last week. One was a letter sent by the Secretary of the United States Treasury, Mr. Glass, to the Chairman of the United States Chamber of Commerce defining the financial attitude of the United States towards European countries ; the other an unconventional, but sincere and useful, letter sent by Viscount Grey of Fallodon to the *Times*. Since his retirement from office Lord Grey has concentrated all his attention upon one part of the politics of the hour. It would not be inaccurate to say that he has withdrawn from politics altogether and that his overpowering ambition to make the League of Nations a powerful and permanent institution transcends the domain of mere politics. It was devotion to this cause that induced Lord Grey to accept the British Government's request that he should go to America, if not as an Ambassador, in an Ambassadorial capacity so that he might consult with President Wilson the only begetter of the League. Unfortunately, the latter part of the programme could not be fulfilled owing to President Wilson's condition of health. For the time being the League of Nations has altogether lost the support of its originator and greatest advocate. Thus Lord Grey was not able to bring with him any official fruit of his journey. Perhaps in some respects it is better so, because it freed his mind for intercourse with all sects and conditions of politicians and intellectual men of every kind in the United States.

His own frankness, candour and disinterestedness encouraged them to speak more frankly and freely than they would have done on a more formal occasion. On the other hand, it gave a sympathetic nature like that of Lord Grey an opportunity for learning what are the real opinions held in the United States. He judged the situation of so much

importance that, instead of confining himself to an official report on his mission, he took the almost unprecedented course of placing the result of his ruminations before the public at large. This, at any rate, should please and satisfy those who are in the habit of railing at secret diplomacy, deciding that negotiations should be conducted in the light of publicity. With the most transparent and engaging candour Lord Grey has laid before them the observations and reflections of his tour. He does not conceal the fact that there is an element of danger in the situation. Americans have been disillusioned by the war. They went into it with the profession of very lofty thoughts on their lips and, like the rest of us, they believed it was a war fought for the enfranchisement of the whole world and that it would be to the establishment of universal peace. Unfortunately, he who had been their spokesman fell ill at the very time when his counsel was most needed. In the meantime, opinion, to some extent, has taken a bad turn in the American Republic. The country is as free as our own, and speech is as free. There are many who accuse the Allies generally and specifically of self-seeking. There are, on the other hand, Americans who, in place of the generous praise they were bestowing on Great Britain a few years ago, now attack the country with the utmost vigour. Lord Grey's plea, as might have been expected, is that the people of this country should give a large and sympathetic consideration to America and suppress, as far as possible, the growing tendency towards sharp criticism.

Almost simultaneously Mr. Glass was defining America's attitude to Europe. He eliminated sentiment as not being a true ingredient of business. America has no intention of playing the part of rich uncle performed by Great Britain during and after the Napoleonic Wars. What he says in effect is that each country should work out its own salvation and that they need not expect America either to lend or to give them the funds needed for reconstruction unless, indeed, they belong to the category of poor small nations. Up to a point his advice is reasonable and will not be objected to by this country. The idea of America liquidating our war debts has not been entertained except in the most obscure quarters, and it has been the intention and the resolution of this country to get round to its former position by its own efforts. Where Mr. Glass passes beyond what is reasonable is to ask that we should rectify the exchange by sending gold to the United States. He does not mention the fact that during the war this country sent more gold than it could well spare. It is obvious that a low value for the sovereign must cripple trade, since it means an enhanced price for raw materials and food. But the British genius should not be unable to overcome these difficulties. Food, to a large extent, we can grow ourselves, and where importation is necessary we can go to those countries whose currencies are depressed in comparison with our own. This, in the end, would not be advantageous to the United States, but that is a matter for their consideration, not for ours. The surest way of recovering the position that has been lost is to re-establish it by force of labour and industry. We cannot call it friendly of Mr. Glass to state the hard facts of the case quite so relentlessly. His message will fall upon many like a breath of the bitter north wind. But the north wind, after all, is not unhealthy, although it may not be luxurious. If the Americans do not recognise that Britain and her Allies spent blood and treasure to the point of ruination for the purpose of getting rid of a threat hung over that land as well as theirs, pride, if nothing else, will prevent us from raising a voice in appeal.

## Our Frontispiece

**W**E reproduce on the first page of this issue of COUNTRY LIFE a portrait of the Marchioness of Titchfield. The only child of Lord Algernon Charles Gordon-Lennox, she was married in 1915 to Captain the Marquess of Titchfield, the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and has two little daughters.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



## COUNTRY NOTES

If the reported resignation of Sir William Peat and others from the Agricultural Commission is well founded, the event would not be unexpected. In the Preliminary Report, issued on December 9th, there was clear evidence of dissension among the members. The Majority Report carried twelve signatures, and one of them was given with certain important reservations, while the Minority Report had eleven. This means, practically, that there was an even division in regard to the conclusion that should be drawn from the evidence. A Majority Report signed by twelve members and a Minority Report signed by eleven members means that the Commission had entirely failed to solve the problem set it. And no wonder. No good policy was ever in this world drawn up by a Committee. What is needed is a leader who will put forward a policy of his own. As no man is infallible, it might require emendation, but the initiative must come from one and one only. In this case the man responsible is, without doubt, the Minister of Agriculture. To him the country has a right to look for guidance as to the lines on which our greatest industry is to be treated.

WHAT is going to be the result of the free market in milk that came into operation on Monday? The dairymen do not give a very definite answer. Those in the South Midlands have decided on two shillings and sixpence a gallon to the farmer and tenpence a quart as the retail maximum. The dairymen of Walton-on-Thames and Weybridge have come to a very similar decision. But a different voice speaks at Ashby-de-la-Zouch for Derbyshire, Leicestershire and other counties. There they have resolved to hold up all the milk supplies unless the wholesalers pay two shillings and elevenpence per gallon. In a few days we shall know what course is being generally pursued throughout the country. The crisis should have the effect of showing once and for all what loss or profit is being made out of milk and what is to be the future of the industry.

IN this connection it may be worth while to quote a few extracts from a private letter we have received from one of the best dairy farmers in England. "You know," says the writer, "the milk question will be an eye-opener to the public in a year or two when they find that, instead of grumbling about prices, they will be grumbling because there is no milk and will then accuse us poor farmers of holding it up, or some such idiotic thing!" Again, the writer says: "The present surplus of milk is entirely fictitious in that it arises not from a large amount of milk, but because everyone is using less than half of what they used to use, on account of the high price. Also there is an organised campaign in the labour world positively asking people to use less milk, so that the prices be reduced still further." The opinion is expressed "that a temporary effect of this kind might be produced because naturally it pays better to sell milk at a loss than to throw it away." But the result must necessarily be that farmers will not go on keeping cows. After all, the frightful slaughter of calves that is going on is bound to

cause a great shortage of cows for the next three years. The letter concludes with saying that, "Better still, had they (the Ministry of Food) given higher prices in the summer to the retailer, so that he could have made a large profit, then he could have sold milk in the winter for tenpence."

**A**MONG the items of intelligence about the falling exchange there is nothing more instructive than the fact that the value of the Belgian franc is improving. It is attributed, in the words of the *Times*, to "the energy with which that country has set about the task of regaining lost trade." But this does not exhaust the reasons. The endeavour to get back the foreign trade which Belgium was doing before the war is only one part of the very hard work which the Belgians are performing. As soon as the Armistice was signed the programmes of reviving trade and agriculture were attacked with a spirit and energy worthy of the emulation of any and every country. That is the one lesson which we can learn. It may be said that this country has not done badly in the conditions in which she has been placed. There has been a great renewal of activity in many industries, as is proved, if proof were necessary, by the import and export returns. But this movement is only partial. The spirit of work has not permeated all the classes to the extent which might be desired. It is by no means a groundless complaint of employers that better wages and shorter hours have not resulted in that sterner application which was freely prophesied beforehand.

### ASPIRATION.

He said, "I will not leave you comfortless"—  
And left us Faith—to creep into our eyes  
Instead of tears. Yet Death sends mysteries  
Which hide the blossom in the wilderness,  
Casting us desolate a-down a road  
That looms eternal to Eternity.  
But God whose pity moves in Charity  
On every pilgrim has a gift bestow'd  
To help our straining eyes; and in mine own  
Gazes my little daughter—trustfully.  
O life in Spring! I lean my heart on thee—  
Now in the wilderness fresh seeds are sown  
Among the rocks of my unhappiness.  
Thy faith in me lies in thy clasping hand,  
My Faith—in teaching thee to understand.  
... He said He would not leave us comfortless.

P. F.

**F**ROM a statement issued by the Ministry of Transport it would appear that the Government stands to lose on the management of the railway system something over thirty million pounds a year. For November the adverse balance was, in round numbers, one and a half million pounds. For eight months the deficit is within a fraction of eleven millions, while the net Government liability for the eight months is twenty-three millions. Even allowing for an improvement in months to come, it is clear that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to put his hand deep into the taxpayer's pocket to make good the losses on railway transport. On the face of it this is a dangerous and very undesirable state of affairs, but, of course, much will depend on the advance made in the coming months. The only absolutely satisfactory test of economy is to be found in the profit and loss account.

**C**ARLYLE used to ridicule the idea of counting noses as a method of deciding any knotty question. But suppose you do not count noses? Carlyle's idea was always that of the strong man. He alone had the brains to give a decision. He was one and the rest were cyphers. Carlyle did not dream that a democracy would end in becoming an ingenuous tyranny. Mr. Charles Markham deserves gratitude for the very outspoken letter he has written on the manner in which Trades Unions vote. He takes the case of the recent miners' decision. The ballot paper, he tells us, was drawn up with three questions, but only one "Yea" or "Nay" for all answers. The three questions asked were: 1. "Are you in favour of six hours a day?" 2. "Are you in favour of an increase of wages?" 3. "Are you in favour of nationalisation of mines?" Slips of paper with "Yes" printed at one end and "No" at the other are handed

about indiscriminately to boys and men by the check-weighman. It would not appear necessary to use force to get men to declare that they are in favour of less work and more wages, but the ballot-box is set down in the colliery yard and woe betide the voter who does not do as he is told. His Trade Union officials will see to that. No legitimate grievance he has against his employer will be listened to. Men will not ride in the same cage with him. His wife and children are seneraded with tin pans and filth in his absence. Even professional voters coming from other districts record their votes. This is only showing in detail what we have all known before, namely, that voting *en bloc* is very far from resulting in an independent expression of popular thought or will.

A CYNICAL golfer once remarked to the present writer that the way to reduce the number of competitors who cumber the ground in the Amateur Championship was to allow ladies to enter. Many players, he said, would be so desperately frightened of being beaten by a lady that they would stay away. His suggestion has, since last week, a distinctly more practical sound. At the present moment any golfer who is handicapped at scratch at all his clubs may, if he please, enter for the Amateur Championship. Last week, at the Old Deer Park, a scratch player encountered Miss Cecil Leitch, the Lady Champion, on level terms in a set match over thirty-six holes and was roundly beaten. Moreover, he was beaten chiefly because he could not keep up with the lady in the driving. Miss Leitch is, of course, a very virile as well as a highly accomplished golfer. At the moment there are two classes of lady players : in the first, Miss Leitch ; in the second, all the other ladies who play golf. But this will not always be so, and we may soon expect to see other ladies who can hold their own with many of the men who are rated at scratch.

MR. HADDON CHAMBERS makes a comment worth reading on the correspondence which has been taking place in regard to the extraordinarily bad way in which blank and rhymed verse are usually spoken on the stage. He takes a passage the beauty of which might easily escape the average individual :

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear—so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tirèd Cæsar.

Some, perhaps, may be astonished at his eulogy. "Here is perfect eloquence, sovereign expression. The words fall like stars." Mr. Haddon Chambers is perfectly right and perfectly just, but if the delivery of these lines were taken as a test of reading, we fear that the majority of actors would fail utterly. The reading of poetry generally is an art that has fallen into decay. There is always the reader who poses, gesticulates and plays the actor with his or her piece, but how often does one find an elocutionist who reads as Sir Walter Scott did, without any exaggeration of accent or expression, without, in fact, any of the tricks of the public elocutionist, and yet conveys the sense of feeling directly and most movingly to those who hear ?

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER made a most interesting announcement at Oxford the other night. It is that the Oxford University Dramatic Society, which remained in a state of suspended animation during the War, on the renewal of its activities has chosen to change the policy of the Association by acting the work of a living author instead of the usual Greek play. The work chosen is "The Dynasts." It will be admitted at once that Mr. Hardy's great poem is well worthy of this honour. It can scarcely be called a drama, although written in acts and scenes, and bearing all the outward marks of drama. It is really epic in its nature. Its representation as a whole is out of the question, since the poem makes a book larger than that of all Shakespeare's plays bound together. But a good example of the manner in which it can be treated is inherited from its production at the Kingsway Theatre. It did not then appeal to the average playgoer, but the "fit though few" gave it a welcome the cordiality of which was a great tribute to the author. It was a recognition that the work, so individual and so unconventional, is nevertheless accepted as a classic of the English language.

IN many large districts of England, Wales and Scotland bracken is a most aggressive plant, and unless early checked it has a very decided tendency to extend its area, and the land which gets covered by it is practically useless as pasture. How to get rid of it is a problem on which the University College of North Wales has been experimenting, and they have published the result in a pamphlet. They do not go into details of the experiments, but give the result briefly under two headings. In one it is stated that manure alone has had no beneficial effect, but a vast improvement in the pastures has been obtained when it is accompanied by regular cutting. In the second they expand what has been already stated about cutting. It is described as the most certain method of dealing with the pest. It should be begun in the first week of June and be repeated in the first weeks of July, August and September. It has been found that as a result of this, bracken, even of the strongest growth, will have disappeared. That is one way of doing it, but it can scarcely be taken as the last word on the subject. A very considerable proportion of the ground covered by bracken, if not the whole of it, might be ploughed and brought back to cultivation. In other countries this has been done and the value of the land increased beyond any possible gain by mere cutting continued for several years.

#### TEDDY BEAR WOOD.

It is full of the soft dark green of the fir  
And the brown of the leafless larches  
And the little shadows that lift and stir  
When the moon looks under the arches—  
Teddy Bear Wood in mystic mood  
On a magical night of March's.

"Daddy, they dance in the wood ; you see  
They've a ballroom swept and lighted ;  
The big moon calls in our cherry tree  
And Teddy gets so a'cited,  
And off he goes on the big moon's knee,  
Very proud 'at he's been invit'd."

Teddy Bear Wood in the moonlight stood  
All silent to outward seeming,  
When tucked in his white cot safe from harm  
I peeped at the wee man dreaming ;  
But there was the crook of his empty arm,  
And there was the big moon gleaming !

WILL H. OGILVIE.

A DEFINITE stage was reached in closing the sequels of the War when the last batch of German prisoners of war was embarked at Hull for their home. The War Office, which makes the announcement, tells us that the total number of German prisoners repatriated by Great Britain from all theatres of war since the Armistice is 274,358. The number will probably be quoted by future historians as giving some idea of the extraordinary proportions of the war. While such things are fresh in the memory it would be worth some trouble to compile figures and facts which may be forgotten if not collected now. For example, the number of nationalities engaged in warfare at the same time is probably without parallel in the history of the world. So must be the number of languages spoken by the various combatants ; so must be the extraordinary distances covered by troops, either to assemble at the starting point of their nation or when sent on expeditions to remote parts of the world, civilised and uncivilised.

A FRENCH football team would, in any case, have been sure of a great welcome in England, but it was more than friendliness that brought the crowd to Twickenham last Saturday. The French fifteen were known to be really serious rivals who might very well break for the first time the sequence of English victories. This they failed to do, but they were only just beaten after the hardest of fights, and they filled the supporters of England with apprehension for future matches. They were very fast, strong and fiery. Individually they were at least a match for the Englishmen, and it was because they still lack something of steadiness and experience that they threw away some capital chances of victory outright.

## SPORT AT SALONIKA AND THE VARDAR MARSHES

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY G. D. ARMOUR.



THE VARDAR MARSH SWARMS WITH WILD FOWL OF EVERY KIND.

**F**EW of those who served on the Salonika front have a good word for that "distressful country," and fewer still for the native population of whatever creed or nationality. Without wishing to claim that the country is a modern Garden of Eden, I do think it possesses some merits, particularly from the point of view of sport of various kinds which has never been fully exploited. Perhaps the simile of the Garden of Eden is not a very happy one to those who chanced to be through the campaign lately conducted in Mesopotamia. One "Tommy," at least, is quoted as saying of it, when told where he was, "It wouldn't take an angel with a flamin' sword to help me out of this ruddy place."

The fine harbour of Salonika makes it naturally the hub round which revolves with erratic and often dangerous irregularity the machinery of that part of the Balkans. Owned at times by Christians and Turks in turn, according to whichever chanced to be "top dog," and coveted by all its neighbours, Salonika seems to have been fated to be in the "limelight" for short periods and then to be forgotten for years by us in the West. It was probably first known to most of us as one of the places visited by St. Paul, but beyond this was a mere name to the average man until the Balkan War of 1912, when for a short time it derived notoriety as one of the prizes awarded to the Greeks. Again it sank from notice until the beginning of the Great World War, and even then its importance was dwarfed by the tremendous events taking place nearer home. Still, the curse of forgetfulness seemed loth to leave it, even extending to its temporary occupant, the British soldier, whose favourite grumble—not without reason—it was that, in matters of leave and such like things, he had also been forgotten.

Before the fire in 1917 Salonika, seen from the sea, was very beautiful. Lying on the side of a hill, it looked like some wonderful piece of carved ivory, with its old walls and graceful minarets bathed in sunlight—the whitewash warmed to the tone of old ivory by contrast with the intense blue of the sea.

That it was peopled chiefly by a horde of mongrel bandits of all the mixed nationalities of the Orient, who lived in dirt and squalor, was only to be found out on closer acquaintance. The great fire in the summer of 1917 in a day reduced two-thirds of the whole to dust and ashes, and though, as some remarked at the

time, it cleansed many plague spots, it removed much that was very picturesque and interesting, if somewhat dirty and insanitary. The country lying round the town has a great charm of its own. Broken and hilly, intersected everywhere by deep dongas cut out by rains, it runs in big rolling country right away to the foothills of the main Balkan Range, thirty to forty miles off, which, in turn, run up into Serbia and Bulgaria, a mass of towering mountains. On these foothills it was that our troops held the Bulgar in check, and out of them they ultimately turned him in utter rout, thereby causing the beginning of the end of the Great War.

I have no intention of discussing military matters of the Salonika Army, as, no doubt, in due time this will be dealt with by others better qualified, but in two years spent in the country I discovered that it had, even in war-time, many redeeming features to set off against the drawbacks of malaria and its other curses, and to point out its sporting elements is my excuse for these notes.

As a sporting country I think Macedonia has great possibilities. Of the mountains which lay behind the Bulgar lines I can naturally say nothing; but, judging by the skins which from time to time came down to Salonika market, I should say that there were great chances of sport there also. These skins included bear, wolf and several kinds of wild cat, besides roedeer and smaller animals.

Unfortunately, there may be serious drawbacks to the pursuit of game at any great distance from Salonika, unless in Serbia possibly, as all the rest of the country suffers from an institution known as "Comitaj." These are bands under a headman who make it their business either to protect or prey upon their neighbours, according to the financial arrangements entered into by them, and who doubtless would always be open to pick up a stranger of apparent substance and hold him to ransom. Whether the Greek Reformed Government will be able to deal with this class of person in the future, as they have not done in the past, remains to be seen. Our road-making during the war may open up the country and help to make the police more effective, but time only will show.

In the immediate vicinity of Salonika there is little or no woodland, everything in the nature of a tree having been cut down and burned long ago; but in winter, wherever cover is to be

found, there are woodcock, especially after stormy weather. Stavros, farther to the east, is probably about the best centre for this; but, given suitable weather, with, preferably, snow and frost, wherever the cover is suitable woodcock will be found, and, although I personally was unable to give much time to this sport, I know of several large bags having been made within motor run of Salonika. At some seasons there are many quail. Of partridges and hares there is a fair number on all the cultivated ground and, could the sportsman go far enough afield, good shooting could be obtained. The homely, but useful, rabbit is, I believe, non-existent in Macedonia—at least, I have never seen one. There are many wild pigs on the hills and in the Vardar Marsh. They are somewhat difficult to get at, but if anyone to whom shooting was the primary object—instead of being, as during the war, only a casual recreation snatched from the routine of duty—cared to make *bundabust* and try seriously by means of beaters, etc., a good bag of pig could be got. I am quite sure if there was a British colony of any size at Salonika "pig sticking" in the an institution.

The main source of sport during the war was derived from the wildfowl shooting, which was generally comparatively easy of access and most productive both of sport and of a proportionate addition to the ordinary army ration, forming a very welcome change of diet. During the winter it was a very unfortunate officers' mess larder which could not show a row of ducks and a goose or two awaiting consumption. The great Vardar Marsh lies below Salonika and bordering the gulf for a considerable way on the north-west side. Looked at from the high ground, it appears to run right up to the foothills which are at the base of Mount Olympus, forty miles away. This tract of low-lying country is the draining ground into which all the streams on that side of the mountains run, many losing themselves in it, and takes its name from the Vardar River, which, coming down from Serbia, discharges into the sea after running through the length of the Marsh. It is a veritable storehouse of wild nature and might contain almost anything in the way of wild animals. What I know it to contain are boar, wolves, foxes and jackals innumerable. In winter it swarms with wildfowl of every kind. So much so is this the case that the native shepherds put down snares in the open and catch quite a number.

In speaking of such a place, on account of its size and the difficulty of access to much of it, it is impossible to know it all or to speak of it as a whole, especially as our sphere of action was limited by the time taken up by other duties, so that for shooting it practically came to be a choice of two or three places only, which generally had to be within riding distance of camp. Notwithstanding such limitations, a friend of mine, whose time was

regulated much as mine was, managed in the winter of 1917-18 to kill to his own gun 800 duck and more than eighty geese.

Most of our shooting was done during the time between five o'clock and dinner in the evening, and that had to include the time occupied by getting to our ground and back, a matter



THE JACKALS BENEFITED MUCH BY THE LOST BIRDS.

Vardar Marsh would become



ON THE EDGE OF THE WATER AN OLD DUCK MIGHT RISE.

of riding some five or six miles each way—fortunately over the best of turf, on which one could hand-gallop all the way. The actual shooting generally occupied something under half an hour during the "flight" when ducks poured in from the sea to take up their quarters for the night.

Storm and hard weather were always best; in such weather the duck seemed to remain in the marsh all day, and at these times the sight when going in to take our places was something never to be forgotten. Possibly on the edge of the water a duck or snipe might rise near enough to tempt a long shot. No sooner was this fired than countless thousands of duck would rise with a roar of wings lasting the best part of a minute. Another shot farther on would raise another enormous flock from as far as the sound carried. At these great rises there was seldom any good opportunity of a shot, unless at very long range, and we came to disregard such chances, only hastening to get into cover on the chance of the disturbed duck flying past within range before going off, and to be ready for the flight proper.

The evening flight varied a good deal in time according to the weather; the worse that was the earlier and better the duck could be counted upon to come in. The finest evenings, when the sky was clear and there was no wind, were usually a failure, nothing coming in until too late to see, though the birds could be heard passing, by the whistle of wings and the occasional splash when some alighted in the water near by. I do not think I have ever experienced anything more exasperating than this hearing without being able to see anything.

Our usual happy hunting-ground was a large irregularly shaped sheet of water which lay parallel with and something like a mile from the Vardar River, being in reality the water of a



smaller stream called the Galico trying to find its way to the sea through the obstruction of beds of reeds and rushes of miles in extent. An old stack of these, cut years before and known by the courtesy title of "the hay-stacks," formed a shelter behind which our horses could be left in charge of an orderly, and a rallying point when, at the conclusion of the flight, we waded out in the dark to start for home. Some of these gallops home will dwell in my memory when Salonika and all pertaining to it are things of the dim past. What was good going in daylight was hardly ideal on the nights when there was no moon, and only the distant lights of the town denoted the general direction, but rendered the ground near to us much blacker than if they had been absent. One wanted a horse that could use his shoulders and recover from the mistakes inevitable to galloping over all kinds of ground in the dark. A few falls resulted, but nothing serious in the way of an accident, and if the exercise was good for the body, the conditions of it were also good for the nerves.

Some odd little accidents occurred sometimes during the shooting too, such as not hitting off just the right place to cross a stream bed hidden by the general sheet of water, and a good many duckings resulted—sometimes a very unpleasant experience if frost and a cold wind were present, one's clothes freezing stiff as a board in a few minutes. A somewhat quaint accident occurred to me: having killed two geese, right and left very high up, I followed with my eye the second to see where he fell, when the first fell stone dead on the back of my neck, knocking the wind out of me completely and giving me the fright of my life. Six pounds of solid goose falling forty yards sheer acquires considerable momentum.

One unsatisfactory part of the flight shooting was the proportion of birds lost to those picked up. It was necessary to lift each bird at once after the shot, but in spite of this system I have often failed to pick up 50 per cent. of what fell owing to darkness or to their falling in the reeds.

In choosing a place the first consideration was to find some slight cover to stand in, and—equally important—that there should be plenty of open water round into which to drop the birds shot. It sounds absurd to lose such a thing as a goose dropping within thirty yards, but I have lost many in such circumstances, through the bad light and difficulty of following a wounded bird in water up to one's knees as most of it was. The marsh at the darkening was often very beautiful with the wonderful sunset and afterglow of the Orient, the grand skyline of Mount Olympus showing deep blue against it.

As the light died and night drew on, weird noises of the wild gave one an eerie feeling at times. Wailing notes of birds, and the evensong of the jackals always began at that time. First one jack would give his long, tremulous wail, then another and another, until the full chorus sounded like the lament of souls in purgatory. At times a wolf would lift his voice, the heavier timbre being easily recognisable. Sometimes one would hear a gentle rustling in the reeds coming nearer, and speculate as to what it was, possibly slipping in a No. 1 cartridge in case it might be a pig, till a jackal would pass like a ghost, going on his nightly prowl. The jackals benefited much by the lost birds and seemed to pick up anything we left, as, though I have gone to the same place several nights in succession, I have never found any of the birds which had remained ungathered on the preceding nights.

Anyone going to Salonika purely for the shooting could greatly improve his chances of sport in the marsh by having some means of penetrating farther into it in the shape of some kind of portable boat.

Every kind of duck common to Europe and several kinds of geese are to be got. The most common goose is the "White-fronted," of which I have seen a flock of several thousands at one time. Swans, white and black, and pelicans are not uncommon, while there are snipe by the million, though generally very wild.

Winter in Macedonia is a curious mixture of beautiful sunny weather and the most intense cold accompanied by a furious north-west wind and often by snow; fortunately this is usually of short duration, but it is then that the wildfowl shooting is best, and one had just to harden one's heart and "stick it out."

## SOME TRANSLATIONS OF FRENCH POETRY.

**French Fireside Poetry.** Translated by the late Miss Betham-Edwards. (George Allen and Unwin. Price, 2s. 6d.) WITH the exception of a few editorial revisions on the part of Mr. Bernard Miall, this book is the work of the late Miss Betham-Edwards. There could have been no one better equipped for the task, and the poems make delightful reading in their English dress, even rising now and then to the charm of original lyrics, as in the translation of Victor Hugo's lines:

"A year old yesterday! You winsome thing,  
Blithe as a nestling twittering in the spring!"  
and in Alfred de Musset's "Impromptu," written in reply to the query:  
What is poetry?

"Wooing beauty, goodness, truth,  
Never parting with his youth,  
But haphazard, grave or gay,  
Laughing, weeping, on his way;  
Little nothings as he goes  
All sufficing for his muse,  
Into pearls transmuting tears,  
Thus the poet spends his years.  
Such the passion and the dream  
That the poet best beseech!"

The translator has ranged a wide field, beginning with an example from Théophile de Viau, born in 1590, and ending with Paul Déroulede, who died in 1911. Moreover, taking for her motto the words, "Il faut un peu d'adresse à bien cueillir des roses," Miss Betham-Edwards has not hesitated to devote nearly one fourth of her slender volume to the work of Florian. The result amply justifies this generosity, for nothing comes so well through the ordeal of translation as these witty fables of more than a century ago, with their admirable pith and point, and their unfailing applicability in any age. Witness, for instance, "The Orchestra," in which pessimist and optimist attend a concert together. The pessimist sees in the discordant jangle of the tuning instruments the justification of his theories concerning mankind; the optimist, as discord gives place to music, replies:

"Though no two men e'er think as one,  
A host may move in unison,  
When each has found his proper sphere,  
As hath each trained musician here,  
Life and society will be  
One vast concerted harmony."

There is only one poem in which we think Miss Betham-Edwards has failed—not, indeed, in skill, but in selective judgment. Pierre Dupont's "My Oxen," with its refrain:

"Dear is my good wife, Jeanne, her death I should deplore,  
But dearer still my oxen, their loss would grieve me more,"

repels the English reader, not, as Miss Betham-Edwards supposed, by its apparent cynicism, but by its only too obvious sincerity. No translation, we fancy, could render such a sentiment pleasing to English ears, for the intense practicality, the passion of thrift in the French peasant which these verses voice is foreign to the English character and alien to the spirit of English poetry.

# FURNITURE IN THE "CHINESE" STYLE

## 1750 TO 1770

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

**I**N the second half of George II's reign an inclination (which grew more pronounced as Robert Adam established his architectural sway) arose towards greater reserve and plainness in exterior design. Doorways and window frames were less enriched with baroque sculpturings, even moulded architraves began to be abandoned and the cornice with outstanding and heavily carved modillions dwindled. Yet this outward severity was apt to be accompanied by internal levity, and the middle years of the eighteenth century heard the first faint rumblings of the storm which eventually swept away the despotic rule of the classic orders, and the trammels that the classic spirit had imposed upon literature. Pope needed "nature methodis'd," and required of every poet who pretended to good taste that he should "avoid extremes." But in 1740 young Joseph Warton seems already ready to have written his "Enthusiast," wherein he avowed an unfashionable love of nature and natural scenery and sentiment, while Batty Langley gave "designs, entirely new, in the Gothick mode" in the following year. The day was still far off when Lord Byron was to sing passionately and Walter Scott relate romantically; when James Wyatt was to cast aside his Italian training in order to invent Beckford's sham Abbey of Fonthill, and to "improve" Hereford and other of our cathedrals. But, as Mr. Geoffrey

Scott puts it, there was already a "restlessness and satiety" which, within the limits of the decorative domain certainly developed "a tendency to take interest in remote kinds of art." Langley's "entirely new" designs were intended to appeal to the antiquarian side of this tendency, whereas the exotic side was to be fed by the plates of impossible pieces of furniture which occur in Chippendale's "Director" and other trade publications of contemporary cabinet-makers. This "Chinese" taste had been a long while hatching in England. When, early in the seventeenth century, James I and his courtiers were entertained on board a new ship destined for the East Indian trade, the banquet was served on Oriental porcelain. After the Restoration much lacquer was imported, largely in the form of screens, of which the leaves were often used in the wainscoting of rooms, or broken up to form mirror frames. "Japanning" then became a favourite imitative art with professionals and amateurs, and it was also fashionable to collect pieces of china, the first Lord Bristol's account book showing that he went the round of the dealers to pick up cups and saucers "for dear wife." Meanwhile, in France, *chinoiseries* were already the basis of decorative designs, and *le style Bérain* was in vogue for wall-paintings and tapestries during the latter part of Louis XIV's reign. These influences, however, did not obtain any serious hold over English decoration and furniture in the days of Anne or her successor, and when they did they were merely one means of expressing the *dilettanti* revolt against Palladian form and classic authority, which did not dare—did not even desire—to attack the main design and architecture of the house but to titillate an elegant society with gay inventions, fantastic forms and eccentric trifles for the saloons, boudoirs and dressing-rooms of fashionable ladies. It also made an early invasion into resorts of pleasure and places of amusement, and by the year 1750 Vauxhall Gardens could boast of "Chinese Pavilions and Boxes," where what was thought to be Chinese jostled in laughing riot against equally imaginative Moorish and Gothic frippery. In the same year Halfpenny published designs which Mr. F. S. Robinson characterises, together with Edwards and Darley's 1754 book, as providing "details for the perpetration of the Chinese style in its most advanced degree." It is, however, doubtful whether very much furniture had yet been attempted in this manner. Edwards and Darley's book appeared synchronously with the first edition of the "Director" of Chippendale, who tells us that such designs had been adversely criticised as "specious drawings impossible to be drawn off," but that he was confident that he could execute and even improve upon them. They did then gain considerable popularity for chimneypieces, door frames, wall plasterwork and looking-glasses, and also for the console tables which stood below the decorated area of which mirrors formed the centre. Unlike detached and usable pieces, such fanciful creations might be flimsy and unstable, for they had a wall backing to support them. They were introduced on an extensive and ambitious scale at Claydon House (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. xxxi, pages 398 to 402). But a very fanciful example of the mirror and console table combination occurs at Wrotham Park (Fig. 9). Structural rule, symmetry, masculinity, decorative



Copyright.

1.—A LARGE CHIFFONIER OR CHINA CASE AT KEDLESTON HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



2.—A CHAIR, ONE OF A SET AT THE VYNE.

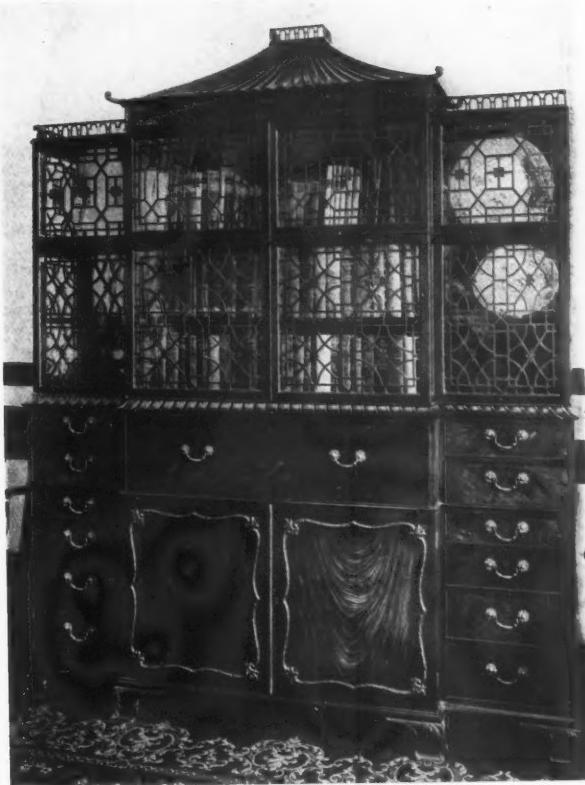
4.—A CHINA CABINET ON DRAWERS.  
Formerly at Holme Lacey.3.—A SETTEE AND FRAME.  
At Ambassador's Court, St. James' Palace.5.—A SMALL CHIFFONIER OR CHINA CASE.  
At Ham House.

FIG. 3.—The settee has a connecting fretwork panel resembling the centre of the two chair backs which it connects, and the motif is repeated as a support to the arms. The frame, which has the same pagoda cresting as the settee, encloses eight bevelled mirror panels painted with Chinese subjects. FIG. 4.—The top central drawer opens as an escritoire, and the piece so closely resembles the bookcases of the day that the top may not have been intended for china.



6.—A "TEA OR CHINA" TABLE.  
At Milton, Northamptonshire.



8.—A LITTLE HANGING CUPBOARD OR CANDLE  
LANTERN.  
At Sandridgebury.



7.—A COMMODE WITH FRETTWORK SHELVLING ABOVE.  
At Sandridgebury.

FIG. 6.—The rim or gallery is unusually high, so that the top was almost certainly intended for the display of china. FIG. 7.—The fretwork shows motifs indiscriminately taken from the Chinese, Gothic and Italian motifs as they were then known. FIG. 9.—This shows the lengths to which the Chinese style could reach in the way of mixed motifs and tortuous shapes.



9.—A CONSOLE AND WALL MIRROR DECORATION.  
At Wrotham Park.

purity and reserve are abandoned. In place of calm order we have excited anarchy. In the console pseudo-Chinamen rest on bits of classic ruin and are associated with Italian masque and swags held up by rustic boughs. Above, a huntsman and wolf emerge from C scrolls and shellwork, and, higher still, there is a cresting of indescribably confused form and *motif*. The appearance is one of entertaining *bizarrie*, but exceeds all bounds of decorative sincerity and co-ordination. It is allowable as a fanciful whim, a clever eccentricity; but it would be distressing if adopted for the frequent or full furnishing of rooms. Occurring as an occasional escapade of a society that, in general practice, obeyed the canons of established taste, we find such extreme manifestations of the style rare, and most Chinese furniture shows reserve. It is, indeed, unusual to meet as elaborate a piece as the Kedleston chiffonier or china case (Fig. 1). With its double roofed pagoda and flanking "umbrellas," with its fretted galleries and railed side panels, with its lacquer backing and openwork legs it is exceptional in size and richness, but it avoids extravagance of form and *motif*. It may well command our interest and even our admiration as a masterpiece of cabinetwork in its special style, and yet many will consider it less agreeable than the much more modest specimen at Ham House (Fig. 5) which gives the impression of affording a perfectly appropriate and not overwhelming setting for the display of Oriental porcelain. Admirable in design and workmanship is also the pagoda-topped tripartite china cabinet on drawers that was until recent years at Holme Lacy (Fig. 4), while shelving, backed by fretwork that combines the Chinese, Gothic, and Italian influences, and is set on a plain commode (Fig. 7), is among the rarities of the cabriole period which Mr. Percival Griffiths has gathered at Sandridgebury. There also we find the charming little pagoda-topped hanging piece (Fig. 8)

now serving as a candle lantern, but, perhaps, originally meant for the reception of fragile china. "Tea or China" tables in this style are illustrated in the "Director" and, despite their fragility, sufficient survive to show us that they were very fashionable. There are choice examples at Milton in Northamptonshire. The one illustrated (Fig. 6) has an unusually high fretted rim or gallery to protect the pieces set out on the top, and a lower, outward bending rim to the tray, supported by carved, hollow, rectangular brackets that act as stretchers starting from a quarter up the legs. They take the form of triple bamboo baguettes, rising from two sides of the rectangular plinth, and thus giving considerable rigidity and strength with the appearance of extreme lightness. For heavier tables, especially for marble-topped sideboards, the Chinese ornament was restricted to a fret carved in relief on the frame and on the legs, which in the Chinese style were habitually straight and square, although the cabriole form was still prevalent. Chairs were similarly treated, a set, with sofas, occurring at The Vyne (Fig. 2). The backs are stuffed, but the wooden back of the Chippendale period was often given a Chinese form. A simple treatment for them was the rail type of panel similar to that used for the sides of the Kedleston and Ham china cases. But there was also the more costly and sumptuous treatment with pagoda top, of which Mr. Sidney Greville has remarkably fine specimens, the settee illustrated (Fig. 3) being associated with charming Chinese paintings on looking-glass framed in like fashion.

Thus we see that while this Chinese manner lent itself to the debauch of ornament with which mid-eighteenth century society occasionally relieved its classically enthralled feelings, it could also be brought into line with the underlying austerity and reasonableness of English furniture design and add a touch of gaiety and lightness to a sober framework.

## A FIFTY-TWO ACRE FARM PRODUCTIVITY AND PROFIT.

**W**HEN Varro presented his wife with an estate he wrote a book on farming for her instruction in order to help her make it pay. Even if he was one of the most learned of men, his treatise on farming is very practical and may be read with advantage at the present time, though centuries have elapsed since he wrote. The present writer's object is not so much to show the possibility of making large sums out of 52 acres as to point out the extraordinary productivity possible from so small a farm.

A single man could not manage a small arable farm himself, and if he had to employ labour he would find it hard enough to pay his rent and taxes and make a living out of it. Thus, when I enquired of a well known professor of agriculture and county council adviser, whom I had been showing over my 52 acres, whether he would take it over at its rent of £52, he replied hastily: "My dear Sir, I'd give that to be quit of the bargain."

Clearly, then, a small holding is not a gold mine, but as an adjunct to a squire's estate it is an excellent investment. The farm of the writer is run on very practical lines, and expense is kept down by everyone taking a hand and working with goodwill and interest. The bailiff is also head-gardener and electrician. Needless to say, he is a Scot, though his name is not Geddes. The ploughman looks after the cow, and carts coals for the Tower, greenhouses, harness-room and five cottages. The under-gardener spends half his time on the farm. I work on it myself as well as my gamekeeper.

One difficulty in arriving at a true profit and loss balance sheet lies in estimating the cost of labour, for if every hour spent on the farm is calculated at current agricultural rates and overtime, etc., the bill is a big one. At threshing, for example, seven men are required. Again, my fine crop of 70 tons (3½ acres) of swedes and turnips might be said to be worth on paper £350, but there is no market locally for them, and one can only calculate their actual worth by an estimate of their fattening results in heifers sold. In any case the saving effected in expenses is large, for the two farm horses cart coals and are kept out of the farm produce, as are also a hunter, pony, and occasional hireling; wild pheasants are kept at home and partly fed, like my wife's chickens, on the stubble.

A favourable season, of course, makes all the difference on a small farm, for the margin is so small in which one works. Since I was ordered in 1918 to plough up my hay field for oats I have been thrice fortunate in two summers of sunshine which have given good oats that otherwise in our harsh moorland climate might have been a failure. The hay harvest has, on the other hand, been very light.

As I said before, the actual, tangible profit is difficult to estimate, but the productivity of my 52 acres is undoubtedly and is a great source of satisfaction, for in a small way one is producing for the nation, and one can take a patriotic pride in

the actual working of the farm. I append two tables. The first gives productivity, the second a rough profit and loss balance sheet.

### STOCK ON FARM.

2 farm horses, one hunter and a pony.
12 heifers.
22 ewes (half-bred Cheviot and Leicester).
1 Leicester tup.
1 well bred shorthorn cow.

### PRODUCTIVITY.

Hay (20 acres) .. ..	10 tons.
Oats (7 acres) .. ..	50 quarters.
Swedes (3½ acres) .. ..	70 tons.
Potatoes (1 acre) .. ..	6 "

Grazing makes up with 20½ acres the 52 acres total. A profit and loss balance sheet follows. It must be noted that £31 4s. is claimed under Schedule B at 12s. in the pound on rent, but as I claim to be assessed under "Profit and Loss" and there is an initial loss of £110 carried forward, I expect to escape that impost and do not put it down. Thus it will appear that the farm pays rent in full, wipes out initial loss of £110, and leaves a balance of £5 15s. Our one drawback to the farm is that it starves the garden of its proper labour.

### PROFIT AND LOSS.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Rent .. .. ..	52 0 0	Hay (10 tons) .. ..	160 0 0
Rates .. .. ..	7 0 0	Potatoes (6 tons) .. ..	54 0 0
Bailiff's expenses, travelling, etc. .. .. ..	10 0 0	Oats: 25 quarters sold .. ..	63 0 0
Extra wage .. .. ..	13 0 0	" 25 " eaten .. ..	63 0 0
Labour .. .. ..	221 0 0	Estimated in profit on	
Hiring thresher, extra hands, repairs, etc. .. .. ..	20 0 0	heifers to be sold .. ..	60 0 0
Manure: 4 tons basic slag .. .. ..	17 0 0	22 ewes and lambs:	
Potatoes (seed) .. .. ..	6 0 0	Profit (saleable May Day) .. .. ..	30 0 0
Swedes and turnips (seed) .. .. ..	1 7 0	6 half-bred heifers sold .. ..	80 0 0
Oats (seed) .. .. ..	13 8 0	December. Profit .. .. ..	6 10 0
Interest on capital .. .. ..	20 0 0	Milk and calf sold off .. .. ..	
Depreciation .. .. ..	20 0 0		
	£100 15 0		£516 10 0
Profit .. .. ..	115 15 0		
	£516 10 0		£516 10 0

HOWARD PEASE.

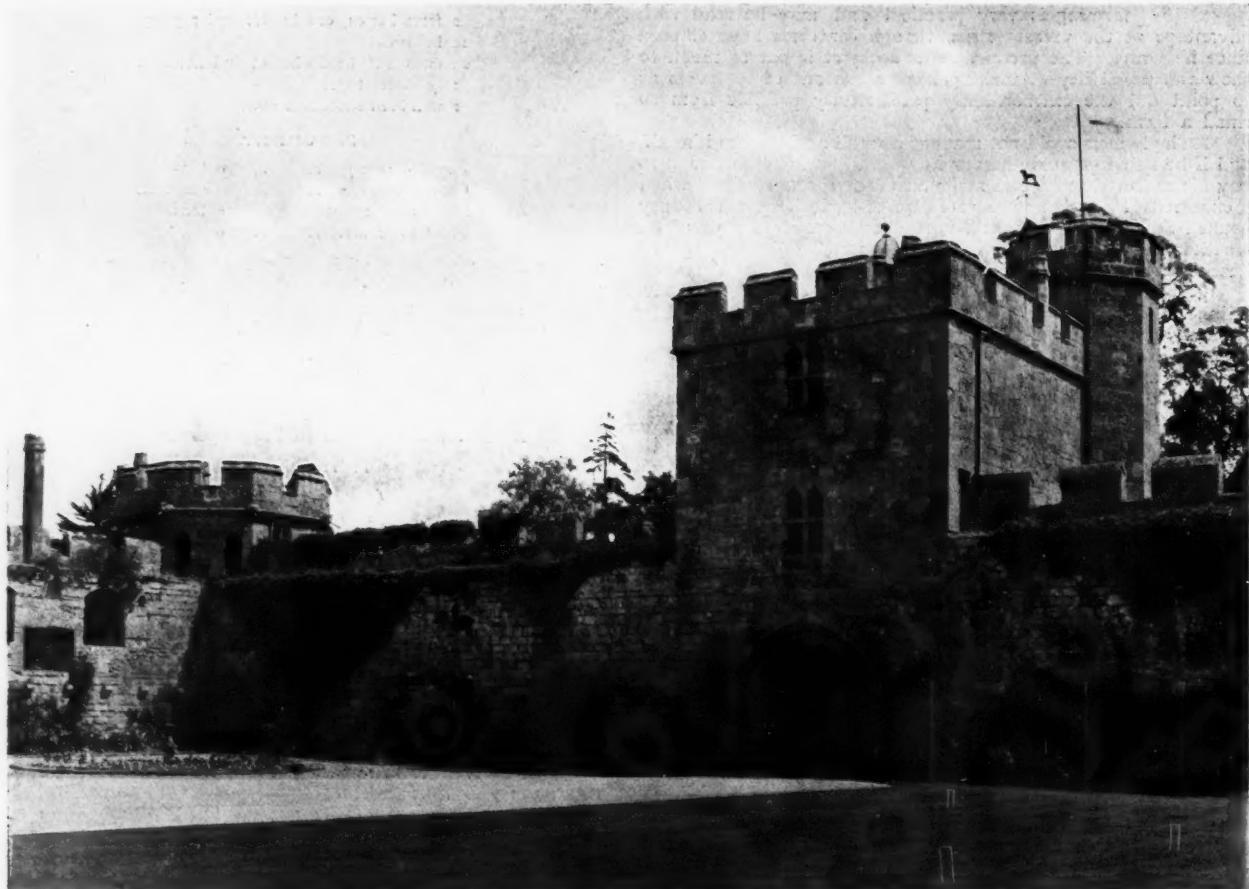


WILLIAM DE CLINTON, Earl of Huntingdon, died in 1354, six years after he had begun building the castle which he destined for and now left to his nephew, who, as we saw last week, had been legal Lord of Maxstoke since his father's death. As he was sole heir to his childless uncle he will have been well able to maintain, and probably complete, his fine new habitation. Like his father, and on one occasion his grandfather, he was summoned to Parliament by writ, and so is styled third Baron de Clinton by Cockayne. The chief recorded public event of his life was his presence at Poitiers, while the feature of his domesticity lies in his having married four wives, the last having been twice a widow before she mated him, and again taking a husband after she buried him in 1398. To her Maxstoke was left for life, and so it was 1423 before it came into possession of the fourth Baron de Clinton. He was the grandson of the third lord's first wife, and as she was co-heiress to Lord Say, her Clinton descendants acquired additional estates, took no special interest in Maxstoke and for a while assumed the Say title, being known as de Clinton and Say, although the latter barony ultimately fell to the Fiennes family. Thus Clinton and Say, quarterly, are the arms that formed the seal of the deed whereby the fifth de Clinton exchanged Maxstoke for two Northamptonshire manors in 1439.

The new Lord of Maxstoke was the second of five generations of de Staffords who met with a violent death. The marriage of the fifth Earl of Stafford with Ann Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of Edward III's youngest son, Thomas of Woodstock, had made an already rich and powerful family far wealthier and more important. They became of the blood royal and inherited much of the lands and influence of the Bohuns, hereditary Constables and Earls of Hereford. But it was the beginning of their ill fortune, and Ann's husband was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, he being then no more than twenty-five years of age and his son and heir a baby of twelve months. He was thirty-six when he obtained Maxstoke by exchange, having, the year before, succeeded to his mother's estates—such as Pleshey in Essex, Brecon and Caldicot in South Wales—and probably to her earldom of Buckingham, which, however, was merged into the dukedom which was shortly after conferred upon him, he being a strong supporter of Henry VI and Queen Margaret against the Yorkist party.

Despite his frequent attendance at the seat of Government and the great number of his castles and country seats, he made enough use of the newly acquired Maxstoke for Dugdale to insist that :

This Earl had a very great liking to this Castle, for no sooner did he so obtain it, but that he plated the gates all over with Iron



Copyright.

1.—WITHIN THE COURTYARD, LOOKING NORTH-EAST.

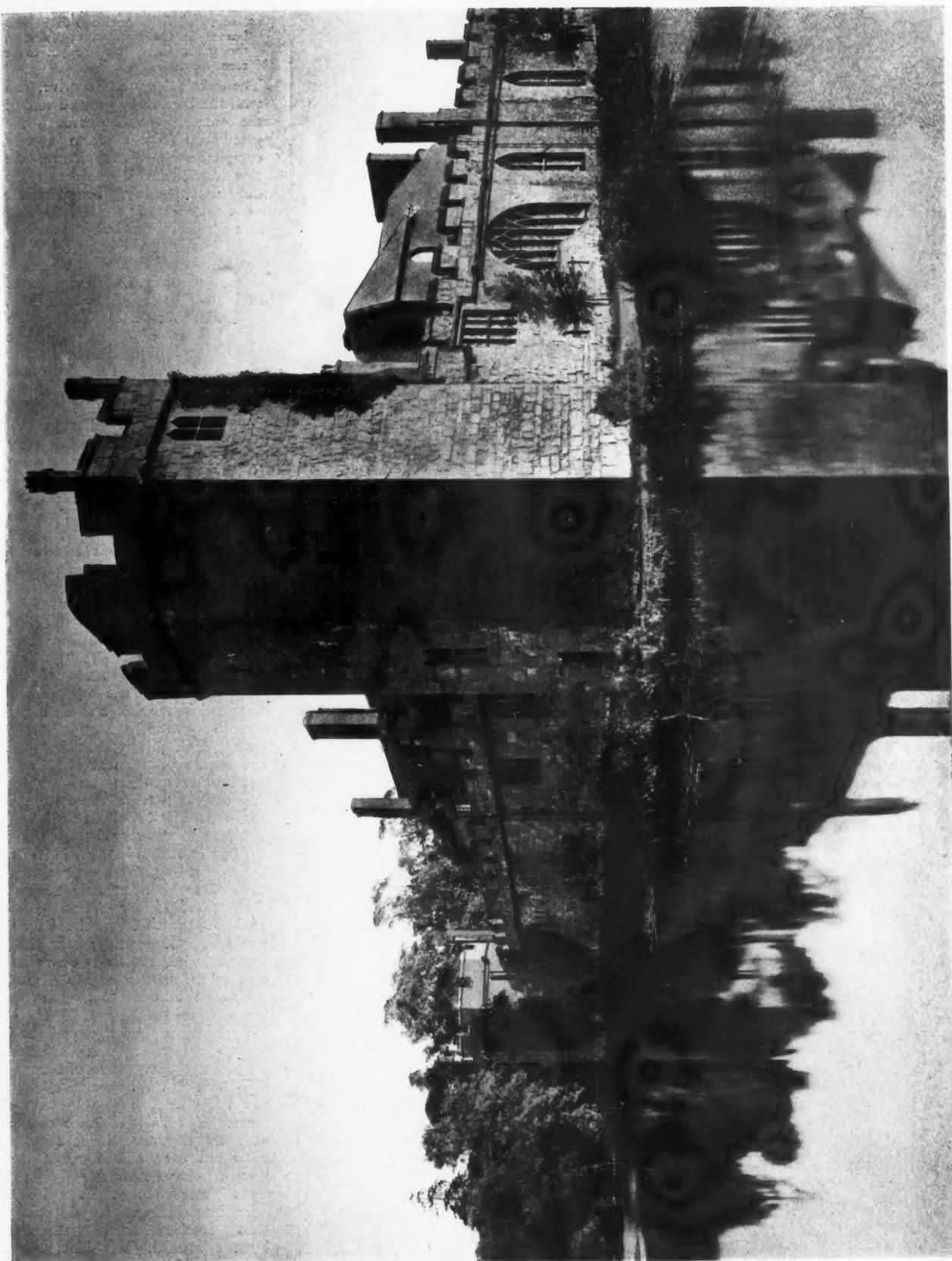
"COUNTRY LIFE."

To the right is the gate-house, to the left the Dead Man Tower, and beyond it a fireplace and floor corbels of the vanished timber-framed buildings may be seen.

Feb. 7th, 1920.

COUNTRY LIFE.

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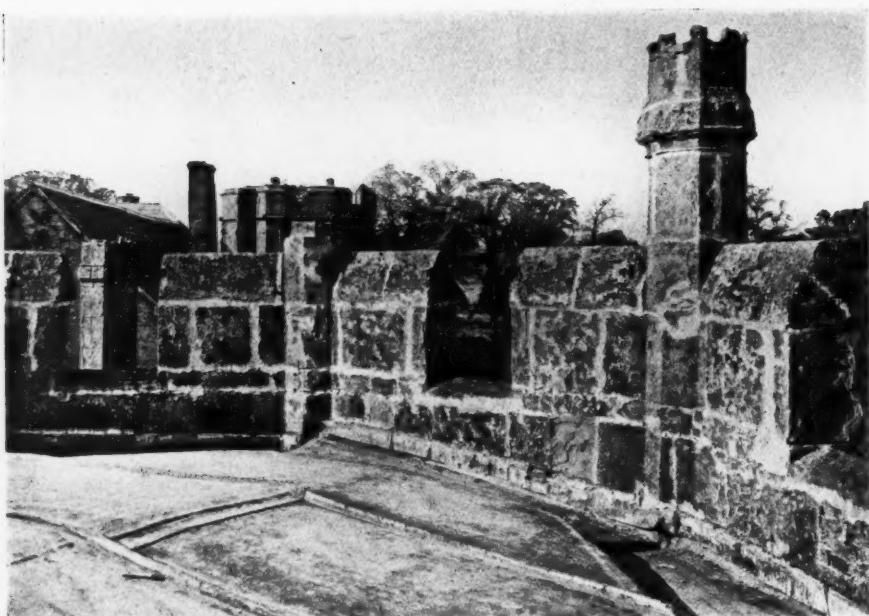


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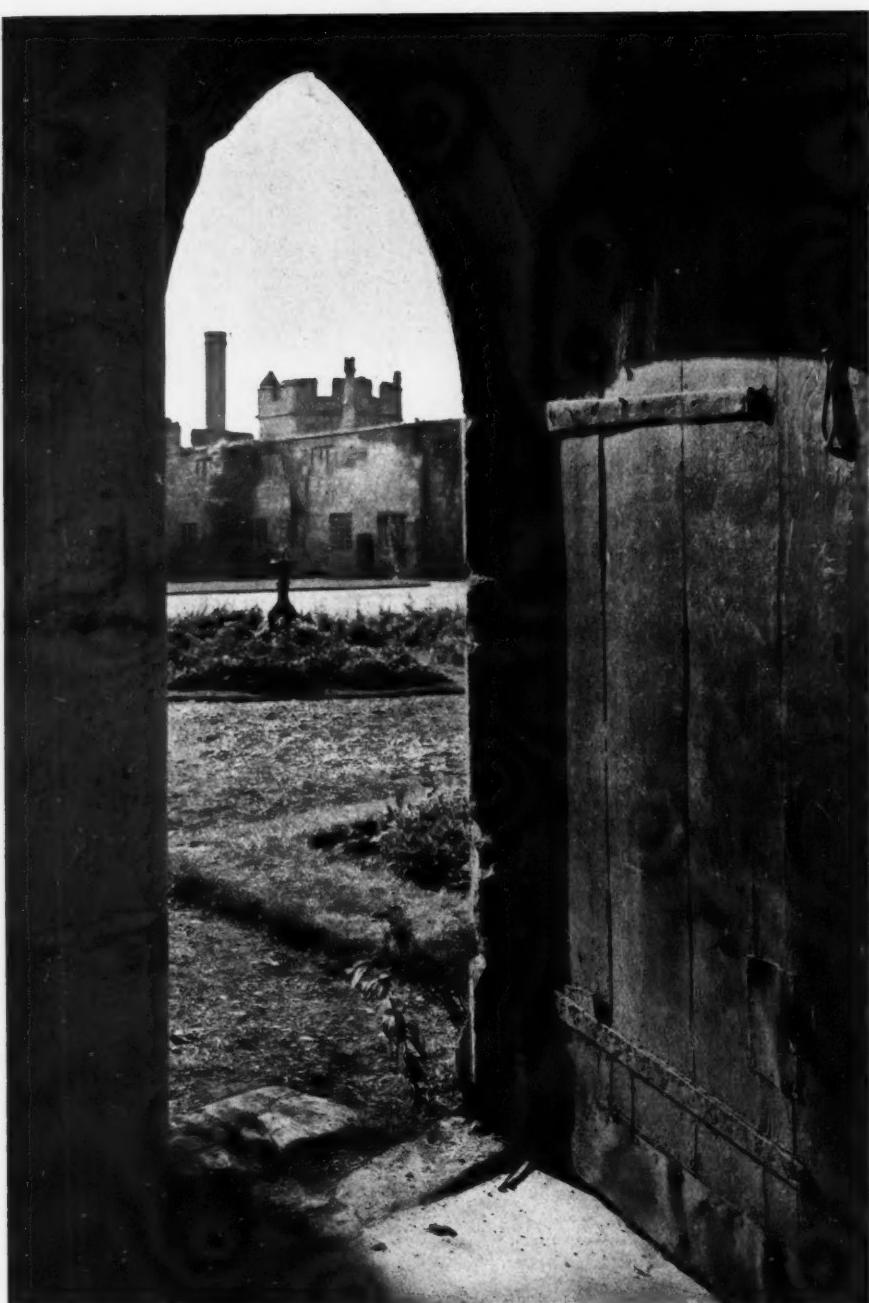
2.—AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT ON THE LADYE'S TOWER.

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Feb. 7th, 1920.



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3.—ON THE ROOF OF DEAD MAN TOWER. "COUNTRY LIFE."  
The chimney shaft, with its crenellated top, is original and untouched.

Copyright.

4.—THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE COURTYARD.  
As seen through a doorway of the Dairy or south-east tower.

"C.L."

and adorn'd them with his own Crest impaled with Nevill and supported by two Antelopes in respect that Anne his mother was one of the daughters and coheirs unto Thomas of Woodstoke Duke of Gloucester : and in further memorie that these Gates were then so strengthened and beautified, he caused the burning Nave and Knot (the ancient Badges of his Ancestors) to be imbossed in the Iron work, thwarting the midst thereof as are yet to be seen.

The duke's doors still survive, and with the beautifully groined roof of the entrance passage through the gate-house (Fig. 5) form a very complete late mediæval picture. We also learn from Dugdale that the duke appointed William Draicote as Constable of the Castle, and that "within the body thereof is a little chapel" where a double wedding took place, the duke's daughter Katherine marrying the heir to the Shrewsbury earldom, and Lord John Stafford mating with the heiress of Drayton. More fortunate than his father, brother and nephew, Lord John did not fall a victim to the sword or the scaffold, but became Earl of Wiltshire and cupbearer to Edward IV.

Wedding festivities and other domestic gatherings, such as occur at Maxstoke in 1458, are rare interludes amid fierce political fights and intercine war. In 1454 the Yorkist leaders get the Government into their own hands and away from the Queen's party. Each side arms, and Sir John Paston reports that Buckingham has had 2000 Stafford knots made "to what entent men may construe as their wittes wole yeve theym." There resulted the first battle of St. Albans, where the duke was wounded in the face and his eldest son so grievously hurt that he shortly died. Five years later, when the hostile parties met at Northampton, the duke was among the slain. Attaint and forfeiture followed, but the little grandson Henry, who was six years old when the first duke met his fate in 1460, eventually had titles and estates restored to him. He flashes across the page of history and the scene of Shakespeare's Richard III for a few months in 1483. In the early summer, when the strawberries are ripe in the garden of Ely House, he assists Richard to the throne. Then, when the Bishop of Ely is his prisoner at Brecon, the able and experienced churchman so influences the vain young man of twenty-eight that he takes up arms against the King he has just helped to make. But his local levies cannot wait till the exceptional autumn rains are over and allow of the Severn being crossed. The duke finds himself almost deserted and goes into hiding. A Shropshire tenant receives him, but, attracted by the reward, gives him up to Sheriff Mytton, who hurries him to his doom at Salisbury, where Richard was. A year and more pass, and the King stops at Maxstoke on his way to Nottingham from Kenilworth and, as Dugdale relates :

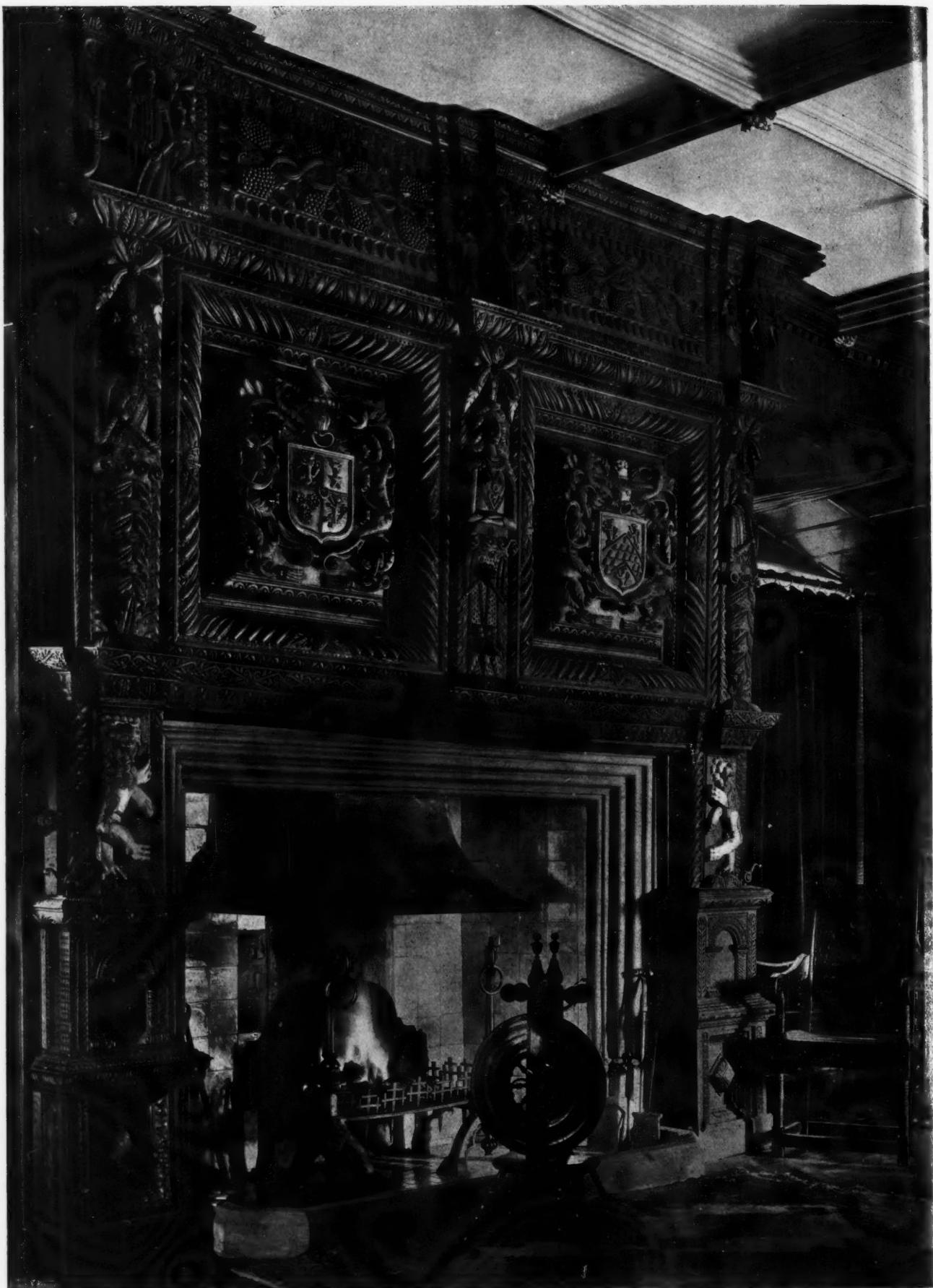
Commanded that part of the inner buildings should be taken down and carried to that Castle with all



5.—THE VAULTED WAY THROUGH THE GATE-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The vaulting with carved bosses is Edwardian. The doors were plated with iron by the Duke of Buckingham under Henry VI.]



Copyright.

6.—CHIMNEYPIECE IN SIR THOMAS DILKE'S GREAT CHAMBER.  
It is lit by the Elizabethan windows which he inserted in the north curtain wall.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

speed : but what was done therein I know not for he was soon after slain at *Bosworth* field.

That battle and the crowning of Henry Tudor caused another sharp turn of the wheel of the Stafford fortunes, and again titles and estates are restored. The Staffords were closely connected with the Tudors. Duke Henry's mother was Margaret Beaufort, daughter of the second Duke of Somerset, and her aunt was the more famous Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII. After the death of her Tudor husband she had married Lord Henry Stafford, uncle to Duke Henry, who, when he met his fate at Salisbury, left, by his Wydvile wife, aunt to Henry VII's queen, a boy, Edward, thus many times over cousin to the new King. That was not at all a source of safety under Henry VIII, who felt himself secure in his doubtful title in proportion as he got rid of Plantagenet blood. The third Duke of Buckingham grew up vain of his ancestry and vaunting of his wealth. When the royal friendship turned to hostility there could be but one end. He was talkative and boastful, and, as Lloyd tells us :

that which ruineth the world ruined him, his tongue : Fate never undid a man without his own indiscretion ; and her first stroke is at the head.

The stroke fell on Tower Hill in 1521, and the Stafford line of Dukes of Buckingham and owners of Maxstoke came to an end. Commissioners were sent to report on the forfeited estates. Their eighty-eight page report deals with eleven manor houses and castles, and is our authority for their condition at the time of the duke's fall. Brecon, whence his father had set out on his fatal expedition, had a fine hall and "as to the roof of the said hall it is newly and costly made with pendants after a goodly fashion." Thornbury was being transformed into a Tudor palace and gardens, and so it specially interested the escheators whose description of it, together with what still remains, enables us to re-create it in mind. From them we also learn that :

The Castle of Maxstok is a right proper thing after the old building standing within a fair and a large moat full of fish. . . . Item, within the same is a fair hall and at the over end of the same is a fair chapel and on height is a great chamber, a fair inner chamber with sundry other proper chambers within the same having chimneys and draughts. And both beneath and over the same be like chambers with stairs, conveniently conveying from one to another and from every of them is good conveyance to the chapel. Much of this work was done by my Lady's grace the King's grand-dame, and wanted finishing in sundry wise.

Other offices are said to be in decay, but "trol will make the

castle meet for the King and Queen in the time of their progress." Outside the castle is a large base court, stables and barns, all walled with stone. There is a good deal of this description, but it fails to make clear the distribution of even the principal rooms of the castle. It does not therefore either confirm or



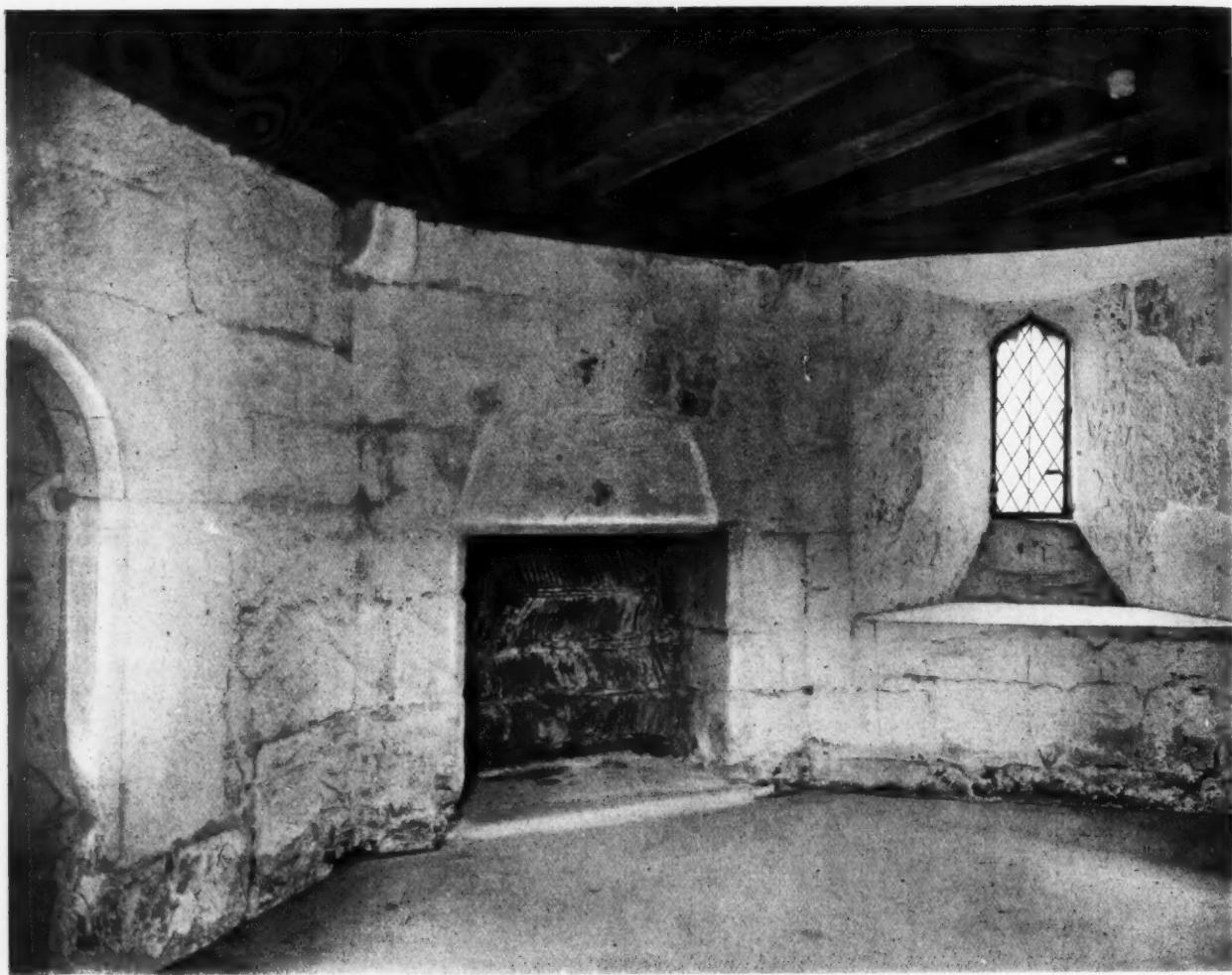
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7.—DOORWAY IN THE GREAT CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

disprove the plan suggested to us in Hudson Turner's "Domestic Architecture":

The arrangement of the hall, chapel and kitchen is preserved. The hall is on the first floor with low rooms under it, one of which



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[8.—CHAMBER IN DEAD MAN TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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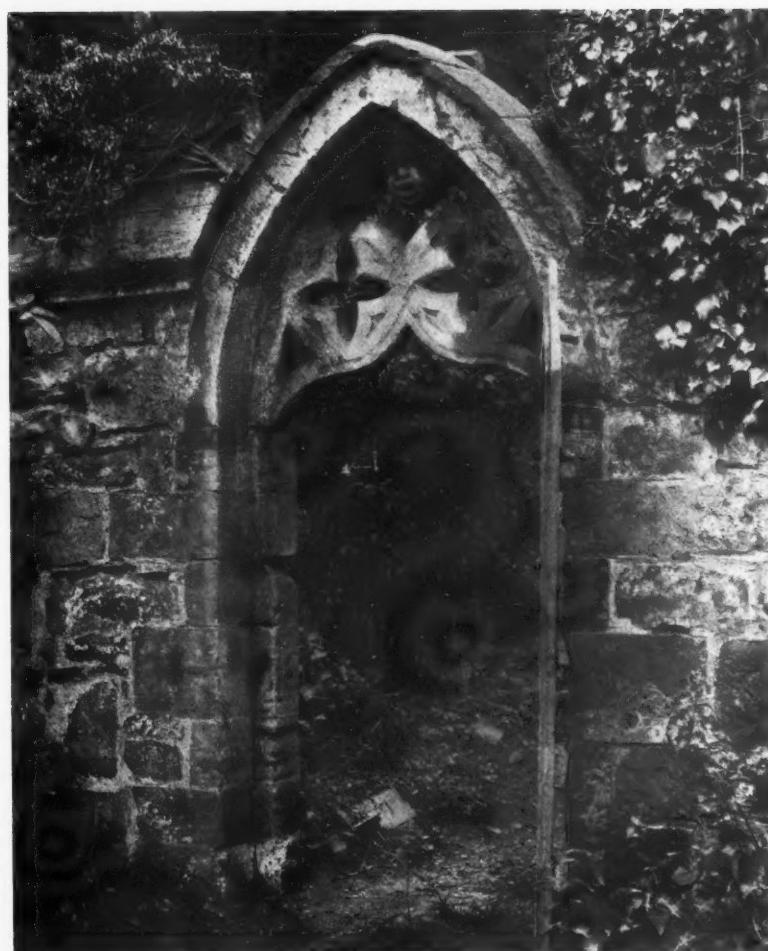
9.—WAINSCOTING AND TABLE IN THE GREAT CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

is vaulted, and is connected by a doorway with the ground room in one of the corner towers ; this room has a good groined vault with ribs meeting in the centre, the upper rooms are modernised. At the opposite end of the hall is the chapel, which has been the whole height of the house, separated from both the hall and the room under it either by screens with shutters or by partitions with openings in them ; this part is now modern and the chapel itself divided by a floor, but the original arrangement can be clearly made out ; and the large west window of the chapel remains perfect, with late Decorated tracery. The kitchen is on the opposite side of the chapel so that the passage from the kitchen to the hall must have been through the chapel ; and as the kitchen is on the ground floor, there was a low flight of steps of very gradual and easy ascent leading across the west end of the chapel to the hall, and the sill of the window, instead of being horizontal as usual, is sloping to receive these steps.

For the chapel to be the passage way from kitchen to hall is a most unusual and unlikely arrangement, especially in a late castle new built on a complete plan. The suggested chapel is where, in castles comparable to Maxstoke, such as Bodiam and Lumley, the hall is placed, that is, facing the gate-house at the opposite side of the court, and placed between the kitchen and the solar or great chamber on a higher level. Thus, what Hudson Turner calls the hall would answer very well to the escheators' great chamber "on a height" and leading to a "fair inner chamber" on the first floor of the north-west or Ladye's tower (Fig. 2). But then they imply that the chapel was at the "over end" of the hall instead of, as at Bodiam and Lumley, on another side of the court where it could have the proper orientation. Short of pulling about the present floors and partitions it is probably impossible to make a correct reconstruction of the original plan, and if the chapel really was between kitchen and hall and the latter up the stairs which break the line of the sill of the great west window then the great chamber of the escheators is the fine room lying on the north side, and rewindowed and wainscoted in Elizabethan times.

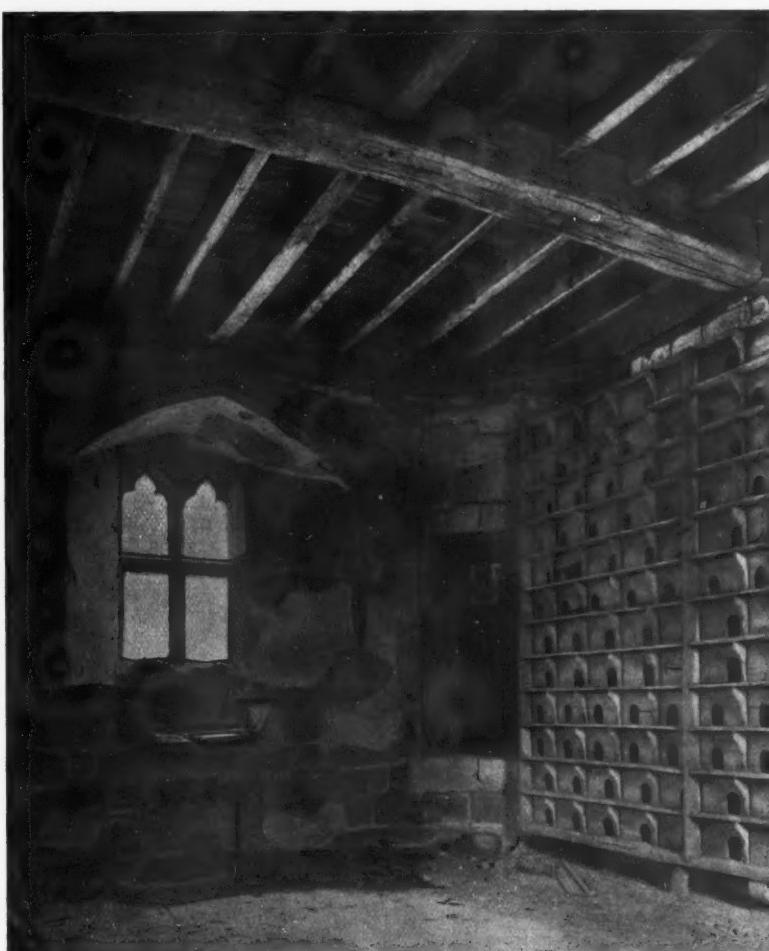
Five months after he beheaded Buckingham Henry VIII granted Maxstoke to Sir William Compton, whose inherited seat of Compton Wyniates was in the same county. He had been page to Henry before his accession in 1509 and his gentleman of the bedchamber afterwards. He knew how to win and hold the royal friendship and favour, profiting so well thereby that when he died in 1528 he possessed property in eighteen counties. By the Comptons Maxstoke was neglected as a residence even more than by the Staffords. But in 1587 Sir William's great-grandson, Lord Compton, sold it to Lord Keeper Egerton, who, two years later, resold it to Sir Thomas Dilke. The younger son of a Leicestershire man, he had taken—a year before his acquisition of Maxstoke—a Warwickshire wife, daughter to Sir Clement Fisher of Packington in that county. Of his avocations and the source of his means we know nothing, but he was in a position to buy the Maxstoke estate and transform the main block of the decayed Gothic structure into a habitation having the characteristics of his age. We have already noted his four-light, mullioned windows high up in the curtain wall on each side of the Ladye's tower. The northern ones light what he made into, if he did not find to be, the Great Chamber. He lined it with oak wainscoting, enriched with fluted pilasters, and he introduced a profusely carved doorway (Fig. 7) and, between the windows, set up a sumptuous chimneypiece (Fig. 6) rising from floor to ceiling and having in its centre panels elaborate shields of his own and his wife's arms. A long table (Fig. 9), or shuffle - board, stretching along the wall opposite to the chimneypiece is of the period and may very well have stood there ever since



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10.—A GARDEN DOORWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 11.—THE UPPER CHAMBER OF THE GATE-HOUSE. "C.L."  
The floor has been lowered and it is used as a pigeon house.

his time. As reconstructed by him the inhabited portion of the castle occupies the west and half of the north sides of the court. He also maintained the "proper chambers" in the other towers. What remained of the rest of the buildings, no doubt timber framed, at the time of his purchase is uncertain. It has been surmised that they may have disappeared as early as 1485, being the "inner buildings" which Richard III ordered to be taken down and transferred to Kenilworth. But the very ample accommodation which the Henry VIII escheators found existing, if in certain parts decaying, implies that the courtyard was still complete, as well as the "base court." That will have stood beyond the moat to the north-east, and the wall that yet remains there and is pierced by a very picturesque, if somewhat made up, arched doorway (Fig. 10) may be a remnant or reconstruction of some portion of it.

From the escheators' report we also gather that a good deal of both structural and decorative work was undertaken, but never completed, in the fifteenth century. They were, however, almost certainly confusing two persons of the same name when they attributed it to the "King's grand-dame." That is a reference to the widowed Margaret Beaufort, whom we saw marrying Lord Henry Stafford after her Tudor husband's death, and it is extremely unlikely that she ever resided at, and still less altered, Maxstoke. But her niece, the other Margaret Beaufort, was wife to Humphrey Lord Stafford, who, as eldest son and heir to the first Duke of Buckingham, may very well have had that castle assigned to him as a residence, his widow continuing there after his death in 1455, and until the forfeiture of the estates in 1460. That event would stop all work in progress, and as the place did not interest the second and third dukes it would remain unfinished. All that is in the realm of conjecture, as there is little Gothic work remaining beyond the outer walls, the towers, and the vaulting of the gateway entrance and of one or two downstair rooms. In the court (Fig. 1) we still see the "chimneys and draughts," contrived in the curtain wall, that warmed the chambers in the vanished timber-framed buildings. William de Clinton was

liberal in chimneys. Rising within curtain wall or tower they occur in most rooms, and their shafts add greatly to the effect of sky line. Many are perfect and unrenewed even to their caps, enriched with a double toy crenellation (Fig. 3). In the towers there are rooms still possessing some mediæval flavour. Such occur in the north-east or "Dead Man" tower (Fig. 8), but still better in the gate-house, where the upper room (Fig. 11), although the floor level has been lowered and the whole converted into a columbarium, has oak ceiling beams, such as would have been originally used, while the seats in the window recess, and the doorway opening from the top of the newel stair must be as William de Clinton left them. Below this the first floor room is entered from the broad rampart walk, or alure, which is continued through the towers by means of twin doors. To the left of the Dead Man Tower (Fig. 1) appears the line of stone corbels set into the curtain wall to support floor beams of the timbered structure, while through one of the ground floor doorways of the south-east or Dairy Tower we get a peep of the Dilke reconstruction at the opposite corner of the court (Fig. 4).

From Sir Thomas's younger son the late Sir Charles Dilke traced his descent. The elder one was in possession of the castle when Dugdale collected the materials for his county history, and his descendants have ever since retained possession of the estate, although they have ceased to reside at the castle. The Rev. D. L. Lee-Elliott (Vicar of Maxstoke) and Mrs. Lee-Elliott are the present leaseholders. Lent as a hospital during the War, some 500 soldiers happily regained health and strength within its picturesque walls. Still better suited is it to its present leading purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Lee-Elliott give up much of their time to Retreat work, and some hundreds of clergy and laity have enjoyed days of prayer and meditation in this remote and ancient quadrangle, where peace and quiet reign, and where the clash and turmoil of the times when Staffords rose and fell in quick succeeding tragedies are forgotten in an environment where "all the world a solemn stillness holds."

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## THE USES OF MEMORY

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

**W**E treat memory much as we treat great men while their reputations are still in the making: either we overpraise it extravagantly for its magic, or else we belittle it as intemperately for its sadness; seldom do we bestow upon it cool-headed justice. In other words, and taking a liberty with Dryden, our behaviour towards memory is apt to be

So over violent, or over civil.  
That every memory is God or Devil.

As for the *uses* of memory, most of us, taken unawares, would probably say that it has no uses at all—that it is, at worst a debilitating waste of time, at best a mild entertainment suitable to those past middle life who have, presumably, nothing to look forward to, and may therefore be indulged in such melancholy consolation as they can extract from looking back.

What is memory but the ash  
That chokes our fires that have begun to sink?

suggests Mr. Yeats musically; and he is by no means the only poet ready to quarrel with his poetic bread and butter, so to speak. For surely poets are thinking mechanically or talking in their sleep when they say things like this—and the more beautifully they say them the more dangerous they are, since the beauty of their similes is apt to dull the edge of our opposition to their sentiments. They encourage us to look upon memory as a dead thing, or, at any rate, as a dull, unwelcome companion from whom neither pleasure nor profit is to be expected. "Ash," indeed! The poet who took Mr. Yeats seriously would soon enough find that in abandoning that ash he had cut himself off from the waters of inspiration—since poetry, as we all know even to satiety, is not pure emotion, but emotion remembered. Time is the lantern, memory the candle within it; between them they are for ever flashing new lights—the lights of proportion, selection, wisdom—upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.

The uses of adversity are acknowledged readily enough; why not, then, those of memory, on which they depend? In the

storm of adversity itself there is seldom time for learning; it is afterwards, by the shaping, adjusting power of remembrance, that the change in us is made.

Memory, therefore (treated with the respect due to it) becomes a positive thing, a definite enrichment of life; intelligent, constructive interest in our past is as necessary to the development of a well balanced character as interest in the present and the future. "Elle vivait, mais si peu," says Anatole France somewhere of one of his characters. And thus people who do not live in all the three dimensions of time, live—but so little.

"Give us the first seven years," say those profound students of human nature, the Jesuits, knowing that if we have any gift for remembrance, any contemplative faculty at all, it is on those first, incomparably vivid memories that we shall, in later life, exercise it; it is those years that will develop a mysterious power to grapple us to their soul with hooks of steel. We have only to seek out, actually or in memory, the place of our birth or early childhood to experience what Shelley described as "that ecstatic, that calm and serene delight . . . which is excited by a return to the place where we have spent our days of infancy."

One of our chief interests in biography, it has been shrewdly said, is due to our desire to trace how the child has been father to the man; and in recalling the past we know the delight of exercising this creative—or, at any rate, re-creative—faculty upon ourselves. Remembering, we have a feeling of almost godlike omniscience. Thus and thus we then were; thus and by such means we have become what we now are. Often we can even see that the pattern impressed upon us by life—and so painful in the stamping—has nevertheless been worth the pain; we are wise after the event—which is at least better than never being wise at all.

Memories are those second thoughts whereby we correct our first crude estimate of what is good, what bad. Here, for instance, our universe toppled about our ears—and here we perceive, in retrospect, what a puerile, crazy house of cards that universe was; here we understand; here we smile. For

where should we acquire humour, that most precious of all our senses, if not from memory? "How delicious to have an emotion which you feel will last for ever and which you know won't," says Zangwill. But the fine flavour of that recurrent jest is not for those who forget each emotion as it flies.

It is memory which is responsible for much of that "large faculty to entertain ourselves apart," noted by Montaigne; for there are only two sources (exclusive of reading) from which we can obtain the material for drawing conclusions about life and for generalising ideas; the first is observation, the second—and the more trustworthy, because it depends not on other people, but on ourselves—is memory.

As for artists of all kinds and degrees, it is sheer ingratitude in them to belittle memory. "The fundamental root of artistic creation . . . is spiritual experience." But all experience, of course, implies the past tense; it is valuable, not at the moment but afterwards—when weighed and judged by memory. The very art of reminiscence itself, although it depends upon truth, is not pure truth; it is selected, it is even manipulated truth; and the selector, the manipulator, is that born artist, memory.

Even when memory gives us pain, we have to make sure that it is legitimate pain, that we are entitled to shirk it if we can. For we are too apt (aided and abetted by innumerable poets) to regard all change, all thoughts of the past as necessarily sad, to make of memory an excuse for tears, idle tears, for mere self-pity and sentimentalising, when we should be better employed

in making of it a rod for our own backs, a stepping-stone of our dead selves, a seed of progress. Not that it is difficult to understand how such a state of affairs arises. As any of us can see, it is much more agreeable, even to a poet, to reflect, and consequently, to sing, "How happy I once was here!—how misunderstood!—how unjustly punished!" than to clothe in the garment of poetry the abhorrent counter-reflection, "What a young fool I was then!—and how thoroughly I deserved what I got in the way of kicks."

All this, of course, is not to deny those cases in which remembrance is indeed and inevitably and for ever rue. But the place of such sacred memories is not here. What has been attempted is merely a light word of defence for memory in general—for a rational use of our own pasts. And in conclusion two examples may be cited concerning qualities that we are all agreed to regard as desirable. For the quality of simplicity, Thackeray puts the case in a nutshell when he says, in "*Henry Esmond*," "'Tis an error, surely, to talk of the simplicity of youth. I think no persons are more hypocritical, and have a more affected behaviour to one another, than the young. They deceive themselves and each other with artifices that do not impose upon men of the world; and so we get to understand truth better, and grow simpler as we grow older." And as for the tact which is so conspicuously absent from all of us in childhood, and which some of us, living mentally from hand to mouth, never acquire at all—what is it but our sublimated memories of how not to do and say things?

## ESSAYS and RECOLLECTIONS

**T**HOSE who know Sir Francis Darwin even by name only will be very, very thankful for his latest volume, *Springtime: and Other Essays* (Murray). It would be almost a sufficient explanation of this to say that he is a Darwin. In other words, he belongs to a family which for many generations has retained certain leading characteristics. In certain books the Darwins are mentioned with the Barings, the Barclays and a few others, as showing persistency of type. Sir Francis goes back in his intellectual as well as his genealogical ancestry to the Darwin who wrote "The Loves of the Plants," and he also has caught sparks from the fire of his father, Charles Darwin. Partly for that reason many readers will turn first to the chapter called "Recollections," which deals with his child life at Down, where he was born on August 16th, 1848, being christened at Malvern, "a fact in which I had a certain unaccountable pride," he says drolly, adding that his only sensation now "is one of surprise at having been christened at all and a wish that I had received some other name." Francis does not give itself to very pleasant abbreviations. The account of his childish amusements and surroundings carry the reader back to the middle of last century. Charles Darwin is not usually described as being conventional, but he brought up his children in the way his neighbours did, and the picture given of his household would probably apply to many other households in the neighbourhood. They went to church on Sunday, where the chief object of interest was Sir John Lubbock, the father of the late Lord Avebury, who used to follow an old fashion in going to church in a splendid fluffy beaver hat. The family had family prayers on Sunday only, though they struck at the ceremony as they were growing up. The simple, kindly, old-fashioned servants might have belonged to the "Vicar of Wakefield," and they had character as well as amiability. The butler, Parslow, had what may be called a "baronial nature," and "would draw a glass of beer for the postman with the air of a seneschal bestowing a cup of malvoisie on a troubadour. He would not, I think, have disgraced Charles Lamb's friend, Captain Burney, who welcomed his guests in the grand manner to the simplest of feasts." Of outdoor servants they had two, one of whom, Brooks, acted as gardener, cowman, etc. He was a melancholy man and he had a melancholy wife. Many years after, when the pair were pensioned off in the village, Sir Francis heard Brooks say in her presence, "She ain't no comfort to me, sir." The under-gardener, Lettington, was a great friend of the children, and it was he who "taught me to make whistles in the spring and helped me with my tame rabbits. He also showed me how to make brick-traps for small birds, and a more elaborate trap made of hazel twigs. In this last I remember catching a blackbird; I imagine that I must have been rather afraid of my captive, for the unfortunate bird escaped,

leaving its tail in my hands." He must have been clever, as he helped Charles Darwin with experiments on the crossing of plants, and the great evolutionist used to tell with amusement Lettington's habit of reminding him of a bad prophecy. "Yes, sire, but you said so and so would happen."

Francis came between his brothers George and Leonard, and there was not so much between them that they could not share in the same amusements. They played at soldiers with toy guns, home-made wooden bayonets, knapsacks and shakos. George conscientiously constructed a short foot-rule so that the height should come to the regulation six feet. Walking on stilts was still a country amusement. There were two kinds, on the smaller of which even girls had been known to walk, but only the male sex was capable of mounting the larger's imposing height. A thousand little things are set down, like swinging on the swing between two yew trees, stump cricket and lawn tennis and other amusements that elder people look back on with pensive regret and their juniors form pictures of in their minds. This went on till he was twelve years old, when he went to the Grammar School at Clapham kept by the Reverend Charles Pritchard, and from there he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he did not make many friends till the second year, when he came to know a number of students and dons. Alfred Newton, who was then Professor of Zoology, was particularly kind. Of the college celebrities the most charming little sketch is that of John Willis Clark, who, when he became Registrar of the University, used to write for these pages. Sir Francis said of him: "J. W. Clark was the kindest of men, and I, like many another undergraduate, used to dine with him and his mother at Scroope House. There for the first time some of us were introduced to good claret. I remember Mrs. Clark (rather a masterful old lady) saying, 'Drink your wine like a good boy and don't talk nonsense,' as though these precepts contained the whole duty of undergraduate man." "J. W. Clark was the patron and director of the undergraduates' Amateur Dramatic Society (the A.D.C.), and occasionally took a part himself. I have a clear recollection of hearing him (attired in red tights) exclaim in his peculiar pronunciation, in which the letters *l* and *r* were indistinguishable, 'I am the slave of the ramp.'" Sir Francis was originally prepared for medicine, but he considered it as good fortune when he was deflected from that course into the study of botany. The charm of the paper arises as much from the general reminiscent style as from the pleasant view of country life which it suggests. The rest of the book is made up of essays which give a very attractive view of the interests which have appealed to the writer through life. They are partly literary and partly scientific. The essay on Sydney Smith belongs emphatically to the former category. For the motto of this essay he has: "I thank God Who has made me poor,

that He has made me merry." Even when he had to farm three hundred acres of land and no tithe, because the living of Foston le Clay in Yorkshire had no revenue attached to it, he turned it all into a joke. He was advised to employ oxen on his farm, and though he christened them Tug and Lug and Haul and Crawl, they did not prove a success. He looked after his men through a telescope and gave orders with a speaking trumpet. As it was too expensive to keep a manservant, he "caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler." She was taught like a parrot to repeat her crimes, which were "plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slammimg, blue-bottle-fly-catching, and curtsey-bobbing." It is said in explanation that the blue-bottle crime was standing with her mouth open and not attending, and curtsey-bobbing was "curtseying to the centre of the earth, please, sir." But if we yield to the temptation to write about Sydney Smith there will be no end to it.

The natural history articles, especially those relating to botany, are very fine indeed, well observed, definitely and clearly expressed and never uninteresting. If we were inclined to pick a bone with Sir Francis Darwin it would be over his literary preferences. But he is a very hardened sinner in his worship of Charles Dickens, and it would be shameful to disturb his faith now. It was mainly on the question of taste in names that we wished, as a Scottish Elder does when he falls out with his colleagues, to protest and crave extracts. Referring to Guy Mannering, he says, "It is impossible to imagine why he gave such a name as 'Meg Merrilees' to his magnificent heroine. It suggests 'merry lies,'" which we never thought of before. "How much better is the name 'Madge Wildfire' for a somewhat similar character in 'The Heart of Midlothian,'" he exclaims in a footnote. To which, without giving reasons, we should like to protest that it is not so, but, "on the contrary, quite the reverse."

## LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

A POSTSCRIPT ON HOUND WORK.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. MACKILLOP.

**T**HREE have been many books on hunting, the horse, hound breeding and care of kennels, but there is a rather marked silence on the subject of actually hunting hounds, and I must plead the following letter, the writer of which is unknown to me, as my excuse for dashing in where angels innumerable have feared to tread :

Your Hunting Letters and Advice to Young Sportsmen have been very good, and I am sorry they have come to an end, for I had hoped you would have had more to say about hound work. It seems to me the tendency on the part of the younger generation is to think far too much of the horse and his doings and too little of the hound and his important work. Hunting people talk about good gallops, formidable fences, and so on, but all too seldom say anything about the fascinating work of the pack. In my opinion they would get much additional pleasure if they knew more of hound work and were better able to follow what is being done by the huntsman and whips. I wish you could see your way clear to writing something on this side of hunting.

Successful huntsmen do what they find answers best largely from instinct, from an intuitive and sometimes almost uncanny knowledge of the ways of the most astute of wild animals. Often, though not invariably, the best huntsmen are professionals, and are not so willing to give away their secrets as to sit down and write a handbook on how the business is done. All I can presume to do, never having hunted a pack of hounds nor in my vainest moments even imagined that I could do so, will be to set down what I have seen good huntsmen do.

A huntsman lives in a lantern and has to bear the full gaze of a public not always appreciating the enormous difficulties which face him on many occasions; but, after all, professionals of every class are more or less fair game for criticism, for it is their fate to be watched. Can a huntsman, taking on a new pack, be fortunate enough to chance on a few weeks of good scent, his fortune is made, if he has skill to fall back on when scenting conditions are against him.

I admit I am not one of those excellent sportsmen who hunt only for hunting's sake. I like the ride, and, if I am lucky enough to be close to hounds, enjoy pace and straightness in a run. Pure hound work and the use of the horse as a vehicle to keep me in a position from which I can watch hounds is not my idea of the game. If it were, I should hunt on foot with a pack of beagles. Of all abominations command me to following foxhounds on foot; it is like running after your hat when blown off in a gale of wind; you have after it, and just as it is within reach off it goes again. Just so in foot hunting; in the slowest hunt you arrive breathless at the first check, only to see hounds away again the next minute. There are good sportsmen who do it, but they are made of that stern stuff which will allow a man to flog for hours a stream which in the memory of living man never held a trout.

A good huntsman seems to instil into his hounds affection and confidence. He feeds them himself, and makes much of them on all occasions. He does not go into the kennel at feeding time with a whip, but, wearing his kennel coat, lets his hounds jump up on him. I have seen a pack at the meet follow his horse and look up to him and watch his every

movement. Never have I seen a good huntsman take a hound by the stern and beat him for riot or any other fault; they rate but never hide hounds. If chastisement has to be given, he leaves that to his whips. Hounds come to the huntsman for protection and comfort. If huntsmen beat hounds they say to themselves: "Where am I to go?" If a huntsman wants hounds he goes and fetches them, he does not have them rated or driven to him by his whips. And he never "holloas" them from a distance, but when he sees that they have done trying for themselves and want his assistance, he goes straight to their heads and without noise, or, getting their noses up, casts them in a body. When a huntsman seems to be trying to catch the fox himself, his hounds are usually inclined to let him try, and stand looking on doing nothing. What seems to be the essential of a good pack is quick hunting, and of a good huntsman quiet handling.

On a good scenting day hounds will hunt themselves, but on a bad scent the skill and patience of the huntsman are at once apparent. There is always the field to consider; after a quick dart the young bloods, and sometimes the old



IF CHASTISEMENT HAS TO BE GIVEN, HE LEAVES THAT TO HIS WHIPS.

ones, are a bit excited and are apt to press hounds. If the pack are on the line, the field always seems willing to give them law, but when off the line and the huntsman casting the field will not stand still. I knew one canny old huntsman who, when hounds checked, if he thought it was but

momentary and they would forge ahead in the next second or two, used to ride back towards the field as if he meant to try back. This kept the field off, but unless scent was good it delayed matters, because he got his hounds' heads up and they did not try forward.

Forward and down-wind is the cast nine times out of ten. Foxes hate going up-wind, principally, I think, because



FORWARD AND DOWN-WIND IS THE CAST NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN.

of the resistance, just as a man on a bicycle rides down-wind in preference to up. Casting back is usually unsound, because if a fox has gone back the huntsman will get information of it, as the fox is likely to be viewed by the oncoming field. When a check occurs an observant huntsman usually is able to see the cause of the fox's diversion from the straight line. Something has headed him—a cart, a man, perhaps a motor car. The huntsman then looks for signs of the direction the fox has taken, always first looking down-wind. Sheep have got together and are gazing in the direction in which the fox has gone; distant crows are diving down towards something; bullocks gallop after a fox very often, and if they are up in a corner of a field it is not unlikely that the fox has quitted there. If jays and blackbirds are busy in a small covert, the fox is in it or has gone through. Huntsmen make good all ground in a semicircle in front before thinking of casting in any other direction. Casting is done quickly or slowly in accordance with the quality of the scent; if there is a burning scent the huntsman casts at a hand-gallop with all the hounds in front of him, while with indifferent scent he would cast at a walk, because if scent is poor the pack will take more time puzzling it out. What is wanted is casting with the hounds' noses down. On a good scent quick casting, without anything in the way of hurried excitement, is what should be aimed at. Good huntsmen when on a faint line ride in rear of the pack and encourage those behind to work up to the leaders; they do not ride ahead and holloa for the rest to come up. When hounds check they should be allowed to spread out in all directions, and at first the huntsman sits still. Some bad huntsmen begin business almost before hounds check at all, just because they are slowing up, and begin "yo-yoting" before they are actually off the line; what happens is that the pack lift their heads and look in the direction in which the huntsman's horse's head is pointing.

The amount of use a huntsman makes of "holloas" depends upon the reliance he can place in those "holloas." A whip's "holloa" he never neglects, or a hat held up belonging to someone who really knows the job. I have seen a huntsman gallop up to a countryman as if he would swallow him, and scream out, "Where's he gone?" as if the man had some sinister design to lead him astray. If a man is ridden at like this he loses his head and forgets where he actually saw the fox. I knew a huntsman in Ireland, one of the best, who always rode up to a holloaing countryman with the same words, "What way are ye, Mike?" which in English is, "How do you do?" He waited a second or two and then said: "And

now did you by any chance see the fox?" This method of conversation had a calming effect on the excited Hibernian, who had shouted himself black in the face, and he collected himself and said just where he saw the fox last.

If a huntsman is always trying to lift hounds or cast them before they have done making their own effort, they soon learn to stand and wait for assistance at every difficulty. If hounds are lifted and galloped three or four fields it is difficult to get their heads down again. It is better on bad scenting days to leave it a good deal to hounds than to try and force things. If on a good scenting day it is obvious at a check where the fox has gone and what has turned him, then a quick, decisive cast may set them going before anyone realises that a check has occurred. High-class hounds will keep on trying if left alone, if they occasionally hit off the line, even if they only run it over half a field. Good hounds cast themselves better than the huntsman can cast them.

Now, if hounds have been at a fox for an hour or so, and he is running short or may get to ground, it is permissible for a whip to go ahead, and if he can see the fox, stick to him. If hounds have hunted their fox for an hour, they deserve him, and he should be killed if possible. If a fox, hunted for an hour to an hour and a half at fair pace, gets to ground, he will most likely die; he gets stiff and cannot get out, so it is quite legitimate to dig for him. A fox seldom can go with breast high scent for more than twenty to twenty-five minutes, and if he gets to ground after, say, thirty-five minutes at racing pace, it would be quite reasonable to dig him out. No good huntsman would blow to ground to pretend his fox had got in unless hounds actually "mark." Hounds can be taught to bay when "gone to ground" is blown, but it is usually a bad huntsman, wanting to get home to tea, who will encourage this. Hounds must kill foxes—there is no gainsaying this. They must be blooded as much as the country will stand, especially in the cubbing season; hounds will not work unless they kill foxes. I must say I cannot resist a feeling of satisfaction when, after a fast dart, the fox gets away. When gone to earth I do not feel the same, because one must realise that foxes do not usually live if they have been hard hunted. But if a fox has gone twenty-five minutes of the best, one likes to think he still lives, because a fox which has bested hounds once is full of confidence the next time, knows some country and means to use it. Hounds well blooded during cubbing are made for the season—I mean young hounds. I do not fancy a hound prefers an evil-smelling, hairy morsel covered with mud, to a good beef bone, but he eats it because it is a trophy of his prowess, and it is in his blood to hunt and kill foxes, and he must have blood to foster this spirit.

When a pack of hounds are out of luck and do not show much sport, they are, you may be sure, short of blood. These are sanguinary thoughts for otherwise humane and decent persons, but we must remember that though fox-hunting may be cruel in the last few minutes before the death, the fox has many compensations and advantages. Without hunting he would, except in mountain districts, be an extinct animal in a few years; some are killed that the remainder be allowed to exist; he is bred and reared in the lap of luxury, watched over with the greatest care, and once or twice in a season has a narrow shave for his life. Sometimes, on bad scenting days, I fancy he enjoys outwitting his pursuers. When death does come it is short and sharp.

There is much to admire about the fox, he always seems so methodical, cool and collected; the field may gallop wildly here and there, the huntsman may curse, the whips rate, the foot-people holloa, and the only one of the party to keep perfectly calm is the fox—he seems to know exactly what to do. See him steal away from covert, even with hounds close at him: how smooth and even his long, low stride; no flurry and excitement. All he wants to do is to reach the first fence, which is as good to him as a couple of fields' length. See him when almost caught in covert, hounds everywhere, how, calm still, he seems like an eel, dives under one, jumps another, jinks this way and that and most probably gets away. I have seen more than one fox pushed down from a tree into the open jaws of twenty couples of hounds and still get away. If you see a fox coming towards you in covert with hounds behind him, how he now and then stops with uplifted pad while he calmly thinks out his next move. How active he is: a fortnight ago I saw a fox scale a park wall 15ft. high and quite smooth, just as easily as if steps had been provided for him. Even when his end comes and hounds dash at him, fairly cornered, a quick glance to see if escape is yet possible and, if not, straight he flies at the nearest hound. What a sportsman!

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## MORE SALES BY LARGE LANDOWNERS

**S**I MULTANEOUS auctions at Macclesfield, Carlisle and Glasgow were held a few days ago by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and in each case heavy realisations were effected. The Macclesfield auction was that of the Gawsorth and Bosley estate of Lord Harrington, who had privately sold a very large acreage to the tenants before the public offering. The total proceeds approximated to £258,000, among the buyers being the County Council. The Carlisle auction comprised, among other estates, that of Highmoor, with its melodious carillon by Severn Van Aerschot, the Louvain founder. This very delightful property at Wigton realised £15,000, and, with other land in the Wigton and Brampton districts, the day's total was some £44,000. Meanwhile, Glasgow business premises were also submitted, and disposed of, in that city. It was a noteworthy day's work.

The Marquess of Abergavenny's sale of 2,670 acres of his Herefordshire estate, through Messrs. Edwards, Russell and Baldwin, yielded over £58,000. The sites of a couple of the ancient strongholds, with which that part of the border was once dotted, were included in the sale, but neither of them is now much more than a memory.

## THE BEAUTY OF EBBERSTON.

**T**HREE has been much discussion of late as to the constituents of the beautiful in construction, and it is indisputable that the pleasing character of most things depends in no small degree upon their being well proportioned. It is certainly so with Ebberston Hall, which is not a large house; in fact, some might regard it as quite a small one. Yet its beauty is something altogether beyond that of many much more costly places. With a just perception of the merit of the house Colin Campbell esteemed it worthy of a fairly full description in his "Vitruvius Britannicus," although, curiously enough, he omitted from his engraving of the south front both the terrace and the wings. He described Ebberston as "a small rustic edifice . . . in a fine park, well planted, with a river which forms a cascade, and a canal 1,200ft. long, and runs under the loggia in the back front."

To live in Ebberston Lodge should be an inspiration to a sportsman from its associations with Squire Osbaldeston. He was a remarkable figure among the many remarkable country gentlemen of his period (1787-1866). Peerless as Master of Foxhounds and breeder, accomplished in cricket and every branch of field sports, he was also a Justice of the Peace for the East Riding of Yorkshire, Member of Parliament for East Retford from 1812 to 1818 and High Sheriff of the County.

Ebberston Hall, with nearly 3,000 acres of grouse moor and sheep grazing, forms a compact estate within an estate, so to speak, and it will be offered with the rest of Sir Kenelm Cayley's Allerton and Ebberston estates in the North Riding, at Scarborough on Thursday, February 26th, some 7,432 acres, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The properties are midway between that town and Malton, and the detailed statement of the game bag in the three years 1911-1913 (inclusive) shows that for pheasants and partridges the estate is exceedingly favoured, while there are plenty of grouse, hares and woodcock, and rabbits innumerable. There is hunting with the Derwent, Lord Middleton's and the Sinnington.

## FORTNIGHT'S AUCTION OF AN ESTATE.

**W**ITH a reasonable allowance for the contemplated public auctions of the Duke of Rutland's Ilkeston and Bakewell properties, it is probable that the forthcoming series of auctions to be held under his instructions will extend to fully a fortnight. The portion of the Belvoir estate to be sold immediately will be dealt with at Melton Mowbray on March 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th, by Messrs. Escritt and Barrell; and the Derbyshire portion of the Duke's estates is to be sold by Messrs. Thurgood and Martin at Chesterfield on March 11th, and at Bakewell on March 15th and the four following days. There are hundreds of lots, and the total area to be sold, in the auctions now mentioned, apart from those for which no definite arrangements have been made, is over 27,000 acres.

## SCOTLAND LODGE TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT.

**M**R. RICHARD DAWSON has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer this well known Wiltshire training establishment by auction next month. The estate extends to 1,000 acres.

Glottenham, Robertsbridge, which Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are selling this week, is situated in a beautiful neighbourhood, and the house itself is the country house of Lady Tree. In the grounds are the ruins of Glottenham Castle, whose owners, the de Glottenham family, were connected with Robertsbridge Abbey, built in 1176. The remains of the abbey are now a farmhouse, and only the crypt is preserved.

Lord De La Warr, having decided to sell outlying portions of the Buckhurst estate, has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to conduct the auction. The properties include farms with old Sussex farmhouses in Withyham and Hartfield, and extend to 1,850 acres.

[Sir John Brunner's Silverlands estate at Chertsey is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley].

## LORD HUNTINGFIELD'S SUFFOLK ESTATES.

**L**ORD HUNTINGFIELD, speaking at the audit dinner of the Reveningham estate, announced that circumstances made it necessary for him to sell some of the outlying portions of his estate, but that an opportunity would be given to the tenants to purchase their holdings. It has now transpired that Messrs. Hampton and Sons are preparing the property, which will extend to some 4,000 acres, for sale, and such as is not purchased by the tenants will be offered by auction at Ipswich in the spring. Lord Huntingfield has no intention of disposing of the mansion, a very fine structure of the Classic style of architecture, erected from designs by Sir Robert Taylor and, at his death, completed from designs by James Wyatt, and this, together with the park, home farm and certain other lands contiguous, Lord Huntingfield will continue to hold.

## OXON LAND SOLD.

**O**N behalf of Dr. Amyas Theodore Waterhouse, Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co. have sold freehold land at Sibford Ferris, seven miles from Banbury. Gautherne's Barn, 75 acres adjoining the high road to Chipping Norton, realised £2,450. An adjoining property, known as Field Barn Farm, not far from Hook Norton station, 72 acres with buildings, was bought in at £2,550.

## THE DUKE OF LEEDS' YORKSHIRE LAND.

**L**IKE another great landowner, referred to in these columns a week ago, the Duke of Leeds has come to the decision to offer his tenants the option of an amicable re-adjustment of their rents or alternatively of purchasing their holdings. Failing this, he will have to consider the question of letting his West Riding land pass under the hammer. In a letter to his tenantry the Duke says:

"As you are probably aware, the heavy burdens thrown upon landed proprietors throughout the country, caused by high taxation and increase in every department of expenditure, have rendered it necessary for many of them to part with their estates. Having regard to the friendly associations which have for many generations existed between my family and the tenants of the West Riding estate, I should be extremely reluctant to have to sever this connection, but the possibility of my being compelled to do so in the near future cannot be overlooked. Should it be necessary I should afford all of you an opportunity of acquiring your holding on terms to be arranged, and if this cannot be done the estate will be submitted to auction. As an alternative, I might be prepared to retain the estate upon a satisfactory re-arrangement of the rentals, which I am advised, and have every reason to believe, are in many cases below their proper value. But one course or the other must be adopted for the estate as a whole. It therefore rests with you to decide whether you would prefer to have an opportunity of buying your

holdings, with the risk of their passing into different ownership in the event of sale by auction, or whether you would prefer the position to remain as it is subject to a revision of your rents."

The estate, in the Shireoaks district, extends to approximately 10,000 acres.

Yorkshire land belonging to the Duke of Norfolk's estate, in the southern part of the county, is coming under the hammer next month, about 3,000 acres being comprised in the auction.

## A KING'S HUNTING LODGE.

**M**ESSRS. EDWIN FEAR AND WALKER'S sales this week include The Orchards, St. Briavels, bordering on the Forest of Dean, a house containing a considerable quantity of fine old oak, and formerly, so it is believed, a hunting lodge of King John. The same firm, on behalf of Major R. E. Pole, is acting in the sale of Westfields, Wreclesham, near Farnham, at present tenanted by Sir James Brunyate. Stoke Castle, freehold residential property near Taunton, has been sold privately.

## TWO NOTABLE IMPENDING SALES.

**C**APTAIN J. M. GRANT, of Invermoriston, has instructed Messrs. Castiglione and Scott to sell by auction, in its entirety, the estate of Moy, near Forres, having an area of considerably over 4,000 acres. It comprises some of the richest land in Morayshire, also the Cublin Sands, which are suitable either for commercial development or afforestation, which is a slower, though entirely commercial proposition in existing circumstances. As a sporting estate Moy is quite a good one, with sea trout and brown trout and salmon fishing, and good low-ground shooting.

Oakley Park is coming under the hammer of Messrs. Castiglione and Scott, in April, at Ipswich, if it does not find a purchaser in the meanwhile. In the event of an auction there will be about a couple of hundred lots, including the mansion. There are about 7,100 acres, the forty farms being all close to Eye, and first-rate Suffolk land; also many small holdings.

## MARCHE HALL, SALOP.

**O**N Saturday next, at Shrewsbury, Messrs. Hall, Wateridge and Owen will offer for sale the country house and 58 acres, near Westbury Station, known as Marche Hall, which was mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE a fortnight ago. Large sums have been spent in recent years in improving the property, which is now in perfect order, with modern sanitation, electric light, and other desirable features. A brook with a number of ornamental pools lends beauty to the grounds.

## A SCOTTISH REGISTER.

**A**COMPACT and well arranged register of grouse moors, deer forests, salmon fishings and the like, is issued by Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele (Glasgow), who rightly point out that "intending tenants should always inspect places before offering, or send a representative to do so." Peculiar things are often done by would-be buyers and tenants, but that anyone would make an offer for a Scottish sporting property before seeing it, or having an expert opinion upon it, is something that had hardly seemed within the range of probabilities. Apparently, however, it is, or the warning would not be given.

## "CAVEAT EMPTOR."

**S**PARKING of warnings, reminds us that the publication of a letter from Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne when a portion of the Weston Grove estate, Southampton, was announced for sale, by order of the Disposal Board, did not prevent the sale of the land. Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne wrote: "I say to any intending purchaser of parts of this property *caveat emptor*. No legal conveyance will be signed by me or my trustees." The Weston Grove estate has been occupied by the Government for some time, but, according to the owner, "not one penny has yet been paid for it. Now they advertise it for sale. . . . The question of compensation is not yet settled." The particular portion already mentioned has now been sold by auction. The further steps in regard to this transaction will be watched with interest.

ARBITER.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### WEATHER WIT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—The tempestuous weather of this month might be almost depressing were we not buoyed up with the hope derived from the fact that last Sunday, which was St. Paul's Day, was a gloriously fine one. For are we not told that:

"Clara dies Pauli bona tempora denotat anni,  
Si fuerint venti denarrant praelia genti  
Si nix aut pluviae, pereunt animalia quaeque."

which has been thus rendered into English:

"If St. Paul's day be fair and clear  
It doth bode a happy Year;  
If blustering winds do blow aloft  
Then Wars will trouble our Realm full oft,  
And if it chance to Snow or Rain  
Then will be dear all sorts of Grain."

Was St. Paul's Day, 1914, very windy? And, by the bye, when is the old truism with regard to a red sky in the morning and evening first referred to? Is there a classical reference to it? Scarcely so, I should say, as it probably emanates from the observed results of our northern climatic conditions. I can record a mention of it in an old manuscript of the latter part of the thirteenth century (about 1290):

"Si li cel ruyist al serain  
Del tens demestre al en demain  
E si al matin ruyist  
Le jur sonz tempeste ne finist."

Can anyone give an earlier reference?—FANE LAMBARDE.

### THE RUSHBROOKE PAINTED COAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—To reveal the truth is the ideal for which all earnest workers in research are anxious. So Mr. Henry Balfour has no need to regret dissipating the "romance" attributed to the painted coat from Rushbrooke. I am entirely divested of the supposition placed upon it, by his facts; and his interesting description

held a deep interest for me for some time, and I still hope some reader will be able to suggest a solution of this fascinating symbolic problem. I enclose a drawing of the beautiful cap, on which there are three of these obelisks. A drawing of one of these obelisks was given in my article of January 24th (page 107).—TALBOT HUGHES.

### THE SOUTH NOTTS HUNT.

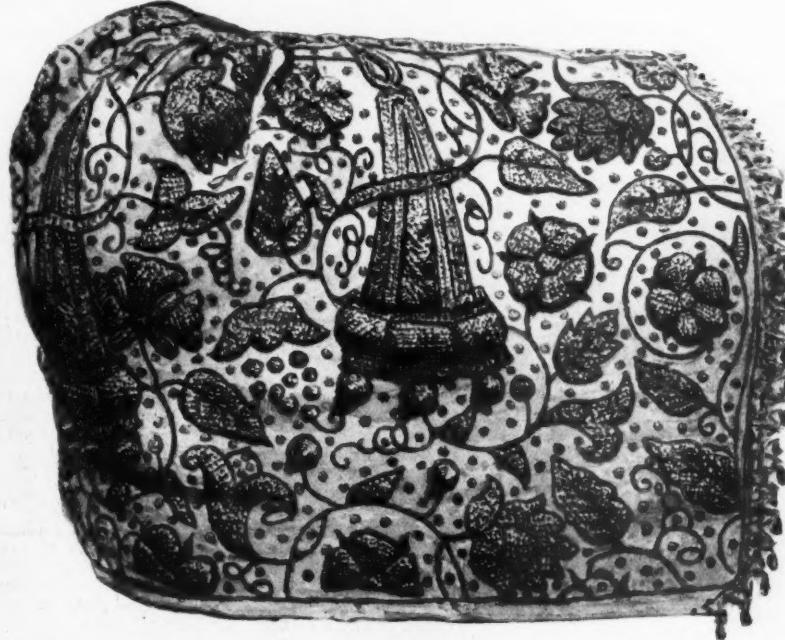
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I should be very sorry to give currency to inaccurate hunt history, and I accept Sir Lancelot Rolleston's corrections gratefully. He must know more about it than anyone else, since, unless my memory is at fault, it was during the joint Mastership of Mr. Frank Cooper and Mr. Lancelot Rolleston that the foundations of the present pack were laid. Mr. Cooper bought and built the kennels at Gedling at a cost of £6,000, and Mr. Rolleston, as he then was, got together the pack. But I think Sir Lancelot will find that some of Mr. Musters' last South Notts pack were among these early drafts from the Worcestershire, Ledbury and other packs. Among the latter was Stormer (1876). On him I dwelt because he was so extensively used in the South Notts kennels from his third season, 1878, until 1883. His name struck me because I have always been much interested in Croome Rambler as one of the great pillars of modern foxhound breeding, and also because his descendants seem to inherit his remarkable working powers to an even greater degree than the descendants of some other famous lines.—X.

### LAND SETTLEMENT

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—The attention of my Council having been drawn to a statement in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE that the Council had made default in providing small holdings I was directed to send you the enclosed copy of a



A CAP DECORATED WITH THREE OBELISKS.

of its possible original owner suggests, perhaps, a more tragic romance than the dislocated knees of Sir Thomas Jermyn. I frankly own to a pure ignorance of Canadian ethnology, and still retain my high estimation of the artistry of its decoration. It is an exceedingly beautiful garment. Hence, I was only too easily misled by its described pedigree and associations, and, as will be seen from my drawings, the main description was on the definite feature of the angular design, which tempted me to accept this mistaken example, with all its peculiar resemblances, as a means of making known and promoting the elucidation of the origin or significance of the obelisk form seen on several items of personal attire in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, which has

Report of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries and a clause from a recent Report of the Council of my Small Holdings Committee from which you will observe that your statement is incorrect, and I hope in justice to my Council you will insert as early as possible in your paper a paragraph correcting the statement.—B. A. ADAM, Clerk of the Council, Rutland County Council.

[The County Council's own Report shows that five ex-Service men have been "indirectly" provided with holdings in Rutland, which means not by the Council, but by landowners at their request. It was truly said that the Council had acquired no land. That they now propose to acquire some is a sign of grace.—ED.]

### DOMESTICATED WILD DUCK FOR THE MARKET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Most people look upon wild duck from the shooting point of view, or as ornamental water fowl for lakes in public gardens. You may therefore, perhaps, be interested to hear that they can be reared in large quantities in a semi-domesticated state, with little expense, by anyone with a length of stream on which to keep them; or I have no doubt they would do well on a pond, if it was surrounded with long grass and bushes where the ducks could be left to nest without being disturbed. At our home on the East Coast of Scotland, where I used to keep guinea-fowls in a semi-wild state very successfully, a stream ran through the grounds, and on it my sister reared dozens of wild duck, sometimes crossing them with an Aylesbury drake, which improved the flavour for eating, for those who prefer ducks cooked with stuffing and apple sauce to wild duck cooked with lemon and cayenne pepper.

My sister started with two pairs of wild duck, and at the end of the first season had a large flock, so I should think they would be a very profitable bird to rear now, when all sorts of poultry are fetching such high prices in the markets. She had a wooden house near the stream in which she fed the wild duck and where they slept at night. She had cut one wing of each bird so that they could not fly away, and during the day they were loose on the stream, where they fed themselves. They soon became so tame that they would come when called. The duck used to make her nest in the long grass on the banks and laid about twenty eggs, on which she was allowed to sit quite undisturbed, as it is a fact that the mother duck hatches nearly always "every egg a bird," while hens rarely hatch duck eggs at all well; probably because they keep the eggs too dry. But after hatching the wild duck is a very poor mother and quickly loses her large family if they are left to her care; so it is necessary to have a hatching hen ready to take the ducklings as soon as hatched. As it is very difficult to catch the ducklings if they have once taken to water, it is best to encircle the sitting duck with a piece of wire netting a day or two before she is due to hatch. This can easily be done as, when within a day or two of hatching, the duck sits very close and is not easily disturbed. She rarely leaves the nest even for food or water, but it is better to put both within her reach inside the wire netting.

When all the ducklings are hatched, all (except four or five, to keep the mother duck happy) should be given to the hen, and the wire netting removed from the duck, who must then be left to bring up the four or five ducklings in her own way; I am sorry to say it is rarely a successful one! The remaining sixteen or so ducklings must be put with the hen in a coop with open bars and a wire run in front for perhaps a week, fed on Spratt's meal mixed *very dry*, but given plenty of water to drink. The coop should be on the bank of the stream in as sunny a spot as possible, on short grass. At the end of a week the wire should be taken away and the ducklings allowed to run in and out of the stream and back to the hen just as they like; but they should be shut up in good time at night for fear of rats.—M. P. BLAKELOCK.

### DISCHARGED SOLDIERS IN CHARGE OF ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—At the request of the Joint (Disability) Committee for the South-East of Scotland, we undertook to train a certain number of disabled discharged soldiers for the special purpose of taking charge of small electric lighting and power installations in private houses and in public institutions. These men received a good all-round training in the College, including a certain amount of workshop instruction, in order to make them handy men, and have also received a further course of training at an electric lighting and power plant. Most of them have been successfully placed, but I have still five names on my list, and therefore venture to bring the matter before your readers, as probably among them there may be some who would be glad to give a disabled soldier a job in connection with work of this kind. Will anybody who can see his way to give employment to one of these men please write direct to me, Principal A. P. Laurie, Heriot-Watt College, Chambers Street, Edinburgh?—A. P. LAURIE.

Feb. 7th, 1920.

## A CONSTABLE FARMHOUSE IN DANGER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Everyone who loves the English countryside must be keenly interested in the preservation of our old cottages, the claims of which have been so admirably set forth in recent

articles in COUNTRY LIFE. At a time like the present, when the cost of building new houses is so extraordinarily high, there is more reason than ever to preserve what already exists. Yet, because of the cost of effecting repairs, and the small return in rent, hundreds of these old cottages up and down the country are being allowed to get into a ruinous condition. A

particularly interesting example of this is afforded by the old farmhouse known as Willie Lott's House, at Flatford, near Ipswich. I send you two photographs of it showing how the structure is falling to pieces. This example is not only extremely attractive in itself as a fragment of old building, but also has very great additional interest as being the house where Constable shows us in his "Hay Wain" and "Valley Farm."—SYDNEY A. DRIVER.

[This is indeed a melancholy example. If only for the sake of its association with Constable's immortal pictures, the house ought to be preserved. We do not know why it has been allowed to fall into its present state, but, whatever the reason, it is deplorable, not least because in this very district there is a great shortage of housing accommodation.—ED.]

## CASTLE RISING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Twenty years ago, when I lived in the district, it was customary for the inhabitants of Lynn to go to the castle for picnics in the grounds surrounding the keep. A policeman lived in the castle, his dining-room being the Norman vestibule—his wife provided hot water for the picnickers. Then for a time it was uninhabited, and visitors played sad havoc with this wonderful old building; in particular I remember a most beautiful Edwardian oak door in one of the bedrooms which had portraits carved in circular panels. These panels appeared to me to be almost priceless, and you can imagine my dismay when I found one of the panels broken and a 4in. strip missing from the centre. Soon after this a lodger-keeper was appointed and a charge made for admission, but I notice the door has been removed. The article you publish told me several things I did not know before, although I had studied all the available literature, as I am intensely interested in the village. However, there are one or two minor items which visitors might note when they call to see this most remarkable village, and that is, in the castle grounds they will notice a circular mound (shown in plate No. 7 on page 20 of your issue of January 3rd). There is one also inside the building. These mounds cover wells, the brickwork having been cemented over the wells during the last twenty years. There was formerly a huge cistern on the ground floor which was taken away at the same time as the wells were covered. In the almshouses there is a quaint oak-panelled room over the entrance porch, which the governess will show to visitors. The old ladies each have a carved Jacobean bedstead and Jacobean chair, and a visit to the old ladies will elicit many interesting facts concerning their lives and the appointments of their houses.—J. H. KERNER-GREENWOOD.

## ENGLISH MAPS AND THEIR MAKERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the very interesting paper by Mr. Prescott Row in your issue of November 29th, on "Old English Maps and Their Makers," he states that "John Norden was the first Englishman to conceive the idea of a complete series of county histories—an ambitious scheme, foreshadowed by 'Speculum Britanniae First Parte Middlesex 1593 4to.'" May I venture to point out that this claim is hardly fair to William Lambarde, the author of "A Perambulation of Kent," the first county history that we possess? That history was finished "for the most part" in 1570, and in a directory letter addressed by Lambarde to his friend Wotton, dated January 1st, 1570, he expressly says: "I had somewhat gathered—Sundrie notes—as might serve for the description and storie of the most famous places thorow out this whole Realme: which collection I called a Topographicall Dictionarie: and out of which I meant to drawe fit matter for each particular Shire and Countie." A MS. copy of Lambarde's Perambulation confirms this statement, as its title runs as follows: "The first treatise of the Topographicall Dictionary: Conteyninge the description and history of ye Shire of Kent," and then below, in larger lettering, "Kent."—HENRY HANNEN.

## A DISTURBING WAGTAIL.

TO THE EDITOR.

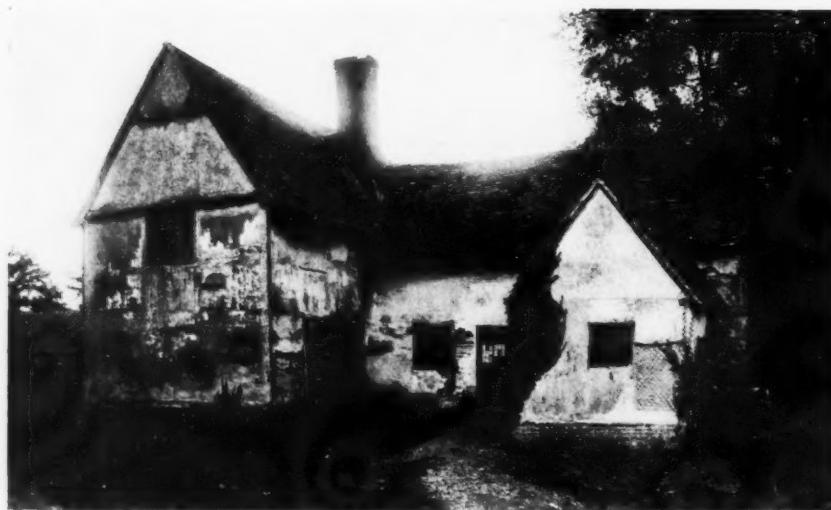
SIR,—I was interested to read Mr. Brocklebank's letter under this title in COUNTRY LIFE of January 3rd. The reason why the bird should be flying to his south windows may be that he is after his food in the shape of gnats. The milder the day the more persevering will the wagtail be, as the flies gather on the glass rather than the grass.—ED. SOUTHAM.



THE "HAY WAIN," BY CONSTABLE.



WILLIE LOTT'S HOUSE FROM WHICH CONSTABLE PAINTED HIS PICTURE.



THE PRESENT DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF THE HOUSE.

## COLOUR IN THOROUGHBREDS.—III

(WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO GREY).

BY THE REV. GERALD S. DAVIES, MASTER OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

THE early sources of grey in the English thoroughbred are not hard to trace. England was already full of grey blood, Barb, Arab, Turk, as they were loosely called before the days of the Great Three whose lines have made our English racehorse. Even in the time of Oliver Cromwell, that true lover of a good horse, we find his stud master, Mr. Plaice, importing "Plaice's white Turk," whose name occurs in Matchem's pedigree. In the pedigree of Eclipse, a grey sire, Grey Robinson, appears three columns back, another, Grey Wilkes (from whom the grey Pontoon, dam of St. Simon's only grey, descends), four columns back, while in the sixth column there are no less than nine mentions of greys or whites, especially "D'Arcy's White Turk." Eclipse himself was a chestnut with one long white stocking, and most of his stock repeated his colour. But his first foal and first winner was a grey. Herod's pedigree shows fewer grey forebears, but some are there. In both cases there may be more than appear, since the custom of giving merely the words "daughter of" without colour or name leaves us without information. We have no pedigree of the Darley Arabian (bay), of the Byerly Turk (bay), nor of the Godolphin Arabian (bay brown), but the Great Three were largely mated with mares having this grey blood in them. And old Racing Calendars show that there were many more greys running about the country than to-day, though the total number of racehorses has enormously increased. Indeed, a glance at the early Stud Book will show that one or two mares alone produced more greys than all our racing stables put together could show to-day. How are we to account for it that the colour grey has gradually become scarcer in thoroughbreds, and from the middle of last century till the arrival of The Tetrarch, very scarce indeed in England?

It has often been said, one heard it more often in one's youth than to-day, that there was a general belief among horsemen that greys were apt to be soft on the racecourse. One may say at once that it is clear that the belief was not shared by some of those who knew most. It is clear that old Sir Mark Sykes, old Sir Tatton, Snarry, and Dick Stockdale, as canny a quartette of horsemen as even Yorkshire has produced, had no prejudice against the greys who roamed the Sledmere paddocks, the stock of their grey Camillus, their grey Stumps, their chestnut Daniel O'Rourke. Nor had Lord George Bentinck any qualms about his Grey Momus and his kith and kin. Here in passing, perhaps, one may gather in a fact of interest. When Lord George learnt from the Days what they thought of that horse, he at once set to work to buy the younger brother, Grey Milton, from Sledmere, and did so at a big price for those days. He turned out—by the way, he was a grey with many spots and patches—worthless. Lord Glasgow would have eaten alive any trainer or jockey who spoke a word against his dearly loved colossal roans. So far as I know, too, the prejudice was very little shared by hunting men, who gaily bought up the grey hunters by Camillus. Certainly the only grey whom I ever rode hunting—she was full of Eastern blood—seemed ready at the end of the longest day to go on all night and again next day. Probably the superstition had nothing in it, but for all that, I am inclined to believe that it did largely prevail, and it may have had its effect in leading breeders of less backbone to fight shy of grey sires, or at least to give the preference to sires of what they called "a harder colour." And this would result in fewer grey foals being bred and in turn the diminished output would by the law of nature affect the quality, reacting thereby upon the popularity of the colour, and so upon the mere quantity of greys brought into the world. For Nature insists on her laws and her by-laws even when she has had to hand over Her (with a big H) Selection to the breeders who give us Human Selection in its place. Now, one of her laws which all breeders of animals have had to recognise is that for one perfect or even first-rate specimen, from a racehorse or a shorthorn down to a rabbit or a guinea pig, she produces a dozen, a score, or even a hundred of less perfect, or inferior specimens, or even wastrels. If, therefore, only a small number of the grey thoroughbreds were bred annually it would follow that the number of really great horses of the grey colour would be very small indeed at any given time. Here, perhaps, we find the means to reconcile the statement that the colour grey is very persistent with the other statement that the number of grey thoroughbreds has greatly diminished since 1840. In short, the line of grey has come down to us in a very narrow stream, though it has never run dry. There have even been times when it would have been very hard for a breeder who had a craze for greys to have found a grey sire of really highest quality to send his mares to.

And now as to the physical causes of the colour grey in horses. At the outset I would express regret that some writers have employed, or seemed to employ, the term "albino" as the equivalent of greyness or whiteness. It is apt to be confusing to the man in the street, in which great class I humbly class myself. For the term "albino" implies, or should imply,

a complete absence of pigment from the cells within the epidermis and from the hairs of the coat which are set therein. Also a complete absence of colour from both front and back of the iris of the eye, which, being thus colourless and transparent itself, shows the colour of the blood vessels which lie at the back as pink or violet. Animals thus deprived of pigment are true albino. And the condition is always recessive to colour, whereas a grey is "epistatic" (the term "dominant" is suppressed in this conjunction) to all the colours. Albino horses occasionally occur among common horses, but are said to be unknown among thoroughbreds. I would accept this latter statement with some reserve. For "albino" is not a horseman's term and, at any rate in the early ages of the Stud Book, a foal born an albino would certainly have been registered as "white" or "grey."

But a grey horse is no albino. So far from it the cells of his epidermis are fully charged with pigment which, however, in a manner presently to be described is prevented, "inhibited," from entering the tubes of the hair. His eyes, moreover, are fully pigmented and often very deep in colour. His skin is usually very dark. The grey mare which I have already mentioned as once in my possession had a blue-black skin, which is common with grey Arabs. The very dark skin colour is due to the fact that the pigment, unable to enter the tubes, collects heavily in the skin. Thus Greyleg, who began life as a liver chestnut and ended as almost pure white, had at the age of twenty a skin unusually charged with pigment. Most grey horses are born of a different colour, black, brown, bay or chestnut, and become grey after the moult of the foal coat or later. Thus Tagalie was almost black at birth. Goblet was a dark brown till after his training days. The Tetrarch was a chestnut. Strathconan had ten foals registered as brown or bay or chestnut, and all had to be presently corrected to grey. And greys as a rule become much lighter even to whiteness as they age. It is said, however, that a chestnut roan retains its colour much longer than any other.

It may be noted, too, that the calves of the grey cattle of the Campagna—the grown-ups, by the way, often show a dapple, as do the native Indian oxen—are born of a darker colour. I have seen them blue-black and even red. And the cows of the Chartley white wild cattle occasionally threw black calves. But as this was supposed to import calamity to the owners, they were hustled out of the way with as little ado as possible, and with them went also the possibility of many an observation. As the herd, moreover, was none too far from extinction—the cows being slow breeders—the process hastened that disaster. With patience the black calves would have turned white and added to the herd.

Now it is natural, but incorrect, to think of grey as an absence of colour. Mr. W. Bateson warns us against the mistake. So far from grey implying absence of colour, the pigment is always there plus an additional factor which "inhibits" the entry of the pigment to the hairs of the coat. If greyness were truly an absence, it would be a recessive, as was said above. Let us consider the point more exactly by reference to the structure of the hairs. Every hair in a horse's coat would be, if uncharged with pigment, a transparent spike having an internal threadlike tube, called the medulla. It is agreed to-day that the pigments which give coat colour to a horse are black, chocolate and yellow, which in various proportions yield the whole range of colours, black, brown, bay, chestnut in all their shades. Each transparent hair when charged with its pigment shows it through its covering. But by a principle known as the "inhibitory factor" the pigment is, in grey horses, prevented from entering the hair, which is filled up with pale yellowish granules instead. This inhibitory factor behaves somewhat strangely. Prepotent epistatic as it is it does not show itself (as we have seen) at birth, but presently begins to assert itself with ever-growing force to the end of life. And age does not weaken its power but on the contrary. If the factor were absent, the horse would be a whole colour. The Tetrarch would be a chestnut. Its action, indeed, appears to be that of a pitched battle between itself and pigmentation, in which it is invariably the winner, though why its action should be postponed till some months after birth is a mystery which I must leave for solution by the experts. As I have used the word "invariably," I ought to quote an apparent exception. Tophane (grey) in 1905 bore to St. Simon a filly, Tsushima, who was born grey but turned brown. I do not clearly make out whether Tsushima's own foal by Missel Thrush did not behave in the same way. One would like certainly to know more of the case—for example, what sort of a grey colour it was that Tophane carried at her birth. But if we are to take it literally it would seem as if the dominant bay of St. Simon had won a victory over the epistatic grey, though he failed to do so with Pontoon. A very pretty question truly, but I must leave it at that.

The coat of a grey horse has been well described as a mosaic of darker hairs—blue-black, bay or chestnut—with white. A uniform grey at maturity has a coat composed of dark and white

hairs distributed evenly all over in about equal quantities. And as I have several times had to say the darker hairs as age comes on commonly suffer "inhibition" and die out, leaving the white in possession of the field. One hears, by the way, that The Tetrarch is already much lighter than in his racing days.

But there is a pattern in greys, as in other horses, which cannot be well called mosaic—I mean the familiar dapple! This pattern is seen at times in all colours except black and pure white. For the difference between a black and deep brown—often hard to determine—has one sign at least. If there is dapple or pattern the coat is not a black, since dapple implies dark rings surrounding lighter colour. So, too, it cannot exist on a pure white since, if darker rings exist, it cannot be a pure white. But in browns, bays, chestnuts, it is frequent, though less so, I think, in thoroughbreds than in common horses. It is most frequent of all in greys. It consists, of course, of darker rings and bands which enclose lighter patches more or less regular in shape, the whole forming a very beautiful network, especially over the flanks. Naturally, in greys the dappling grows fainter as the inhibitory factor asserts itself with age until, if life lasts long enough, it wholly disappears and the animal is white.

Here, again, I must leave it to experts to state the physical causes which lead the darker pigments to collect in rings so as to

form the framework of the dapple. One is reminded that this tendency to form rings of darker colour is found in other mammals, as in the jaguar, the panther or leopard, the ounce or snow leopard, the ocelot, and the so-called tiger cats; also in the giraffe. I know not if the causes be the same. It is to be remarked that the young of the cats are born for the most part with quite, or nearly, solid spots, which turn into rosettes (jaguar) and rings (panther) as the skin expands with growth.

Although dappling occurs in such perfection upon blue greys, it does not occur equally, so far as I know, on bay roans or chestnut roans. I cannot myself remember to have seen a perfect example of dapple in either of these colours. Red roans commonly have a coat of reddish cream all over the body, with red legs. Often the coat is irregularly broken by spots and splashes of chestnut—the type was familiar in the old-fashioned circus. The "mosaic" ground is, of course, produced, as in the blue grey, by the interspersion of "inhibited" and "non-inhibited" hairs. If I am right as to the rarity of dapple in the red roan, it is a singular fact, since there is nothing hostile to its formation in the colours bay and chestnut. Beautiful instances of dapple in these colours may be seen any day in London. And one thinks, too, of the dapple of the fallow deer, which is often ruddy fawn colour surrounding white.

## ANOTHER FLAT RACING SEASON IN VIEW

### "NATIONAL" AND "LINCOLNSHIRE."

**F**LAT racing seasons seem to go and come with almost breathless haste. It may be that we notice these things more as we grow older, but to some of us it is a fact that the coming of another season is heralded by the publication of weights for the Spring Handicaps while the outstanding events of the past season still live vividly in memory. We have before us now the list of weights to be carried by horses engaged in the Lincolnshire Handicap, the Grand National Steeplechase, Great Metropolitan Stakes, City and Suburban, Jubilee Handicap, Victoria Cup, etc. They are, of course, formidable in every sense, representing as they do the weighting of a great many horses as a result of the careful estimates made by Mr. T. F. Dawkins, Major W. F. Lee, Mr. R. Ord and Mr. Topham. Numerically, too, they afford a striking contrast with a year ago when the supply of older horses fell far short of the demand. Last year's two year olds, however, now come into the reckoning, and altogether these attractive events for speculators have assumed something like the normal character of pre-war times.

Admittedly it is odd to see thirty-three horses out of a total of sixty-one weighted for the Grand National all bunched together on the minimum mark of 9st. 7lb. If those thirty-three horses were to be placed in a race entirely to themselves it is quite safe to assume that the handicapper would distribute them over a fairly appreciable range. The reason, of course, is that Mr. Topham, who has made the handicap, had to begin at 12st. 7lb. according to the conditions which prescribed that top weight should be no more than 12st. 7lb. Poethlyn, last year's winner, was, of course, earmarked for the honour, and as he is so far removed on form from the others it followed that there would have to be a big congregation of "forlorn hopes" on the limit mark if places were to be found for those better ones which could be fairly handicapped with the crack. Beyond a certain point, therefore, the race ceases to be a handicap, though I have no adverse criticism to offer on that point. I would, indeed, have it so from a sporting point of view, since it would surely be an injury to the race to have good horses with pretensions to win Grand National honours loaded and even overloaded with weight in order to admit bad animals which on their form have no pretensions to get even once round the course.

There is no question to my mind of Poethlyn having been "thrown in," and, much as I would like to see him win again, because he is most fitted to take the honours of champion steeplechaser, others, as for instance, Ballyboggan, second to him last year, have been handicapped with him to give them a decided chance of bringing about his downfall. Before the weights were published his admirers were taking as little as 4 to 1 about him, and though it was known he could not be given more than 12st. 7lb., I fancy there is a perceptible shrinkage in enthusiasm now that the weights have been published. We may note that in the fact that his price has now receded to 5 to 1, and I have heard of even longer odds being offered. It may be, of course, that those making the offers are taking rather a serious view of the fact that he fell while being galloped over fences the other day at his training quarters at Lewes. A lapse of the kind was not expected of Poethlyn, and now that it has occurred some folk at once must rush to the conclusion that the horse has lost his skill and nerve for jumping. It only goes to show how the observer is keen on detecting weakness and cracks in a champion's armour.

Poethlyn's trainer professes to be in no sense dismayed by the horse's fall. Rather, indeed, does he think it may have come

as a sharp reminder to him that he must be more careful in future with his jumping and never take liberties as has been his practice on occasions. In the past his great cleverness and intelligence have kept him clear of falls. It is, at any rate, good to know that he is no worse for his experience on the "floor," and if, as is claimed, the fall was caused through slipping on landing and not through a bad blunder no harm can surely have been done. Poethlyn's most formidable opponent, so far as past form goes, would seem to be the Irish horses Ballyboggan, Troytown and Clonree, who are set to receive 18lb., 21lb. and 25lb. respectively. Ballyboggan, as I have pointed out, has at least been handicapped to finish about where he does, so that if there is anything in handicapping Poethlyn has no right to be at about a third of the odds of the other one. I suppose the popular notion is that Mrs. Peel's horse will rise superior to every task set him. When I saw Troytown at Aintree last spring I thought he was a great cut of a horse, and he is one with a big chance if it should be decided specially to train him for the race.

Lutteur III, in spite of his sixteen years, has many admirers. He may be as fresh and young for his years as his friends claim him to be, but youth has a way of prevailing, and I would much prefer a horse like Troytown, who is set to concede only 1lb. I notice Mr. Percy Whitaker has four engaged, and as Ardonagh is one of them I am quite sure he is one of those unwilling to subscribe to the view that Poethlyn is "walking over." Sloper is a previous winner, but he no longer inspires me with the idea that he is capable of winning again.

Lord Glanely's Grand Fleet is at the top of the Lincolnshire Handicap with 9st. 2lb., and at only 1lb. less comes Scatwell in the same ownership. At this distance of time from the race it seems absurd to say what will or will not win—so much depends on the intermediate weather for training and fitness of candidates on the day—but I confess I am not much enamoured of either of these top-weights. Royal Bucks, who did us a good turn by winning a year ago, has a stiffer task set him this time and, moreover, he is getting quite an old horse now. Still, it is in his favour that he is a light-fleshed gelding, and such animals undoubtedly come quickly to hand at this season of the year. Brigand, who created such a surprise by winning the last Cambridgeshire, has now been given 8st. 3lb. and he appeals to me very much. After all, he was a very easy winner of that Cambridgeshire, and it is quite probable that he is a late maturing horse of which the best has not yet been seen. My Dear, who was third to him, won the Liverpool Cup; Alasnac, who was fourth, won the Derby Cup; but apart from that I always think Cambridgeshire form touches the top among handicappers. At the moment I esteem Brigand's chance very much, though I have no information at the time of writing as to whether he is going to be specially trained for the race. Sir George Noble has in both Clarion (8st. 2lb.) and Bruff Bridge (7st. 12lb.). Nothing has been decided as to which may run; again it depends on which of the pair comes to hand. My preference is for Clarion because he ran so very well for the Cambridgeshire and then won a race at Hurst Park very easily indeed.

Violoncello (7st. 11lb.) has never appealed to me as a genuine miler in spite of his good Peveril of the Peak Stakes win at Derby, and I prefer Ugly Duckling (7st. 9lb.), who may again account for Sir Berkeley (8st.). That horse is a certain runner all being well, and will be ridden by Donoghue, who has been retained at a big fee to ride for Mr. James White in 1920. The

hurdler Furious (7st. 3lb.) has admirers, but I prefer Monteith (7st. 2lb.), who even now is much fancied by his trainer, Mr. Cottrill. There are possibilities about such as Ample (6st. 6lb.) and Cylgar (6st. 4lb.), but as a general rule the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap does not come from among those weighted below 7st.

National Hunt sport has undoubtedly "bucked up" of late. It could scarcely do less without giving its followers much cause for alarm. The Royal Army Service Corps Meeting at Sandown Park was quite a delightful one-day affair, and I would beg to offer my congratulations to those who were

responsible for promoting it. By all means let it become an annual fixture. After this experience we may look to the Grand Military Meeting to show all its old pre-war gaiety and carnival as well as admirable sport. More good-class steeple-chasers are badly wanted—the Grand National entry supports that point of view—and the new hurdlers are not wonder-makers by any means, though I suppose White Heat and Furious are both worthy recruits. There is much division of opinion as to which is the better. Purely as a personal view I incline towards White Heat, though the point can scarcely be cleared up until they meet.

PHILIPPIOS.

## HOW I BEAT HORACE HUTCHINSON LEVEL

BY CLAUD E. CARNEGIE.

**H**ORACE Hutchinson's new book, "Fifty Years of Golf," he tells of how he used to give me five shillings before starting and then play me level over the Westward Ho! course for a shilling a hole. It certainly made a very good game, but he had a bit the best of it, for I seldom managed to hang on to much of my five bob, and often had to shell out two or three more, besides surrendering the five. But on one memorable occasion I scored heavily. It was this way: I had a very heavy iron, the only one I carried, and when I topped my putty with it, which I often did, it would go scrambling along pretty much to the same distance as if I had hit it as I intended, this, whether it was a full shot, a half, or a short approach, I was trying for. Now Horace disliked this performance of mine, and used to say I had "a shot in my basket nobody else had, of hitting my ball hard on the head, and laying it dead at the hole." At the first hole on this great day Horace was well on the green in two about twenty yards from the hole, while my second was still a full iron shot short. I pressed a bit in order to carry the bunker guarding the hole, and hit the poor putty "hard upon the head." Away it went scrambling and hopping, jumped the intervening bunker, and lay dead. This so shook Horace that he failed to get down in two, and I won the first hole, six up!

I got along rather better than usual after this, holing some long putts and holding my own fairly well. At last we came to a hole, an easy drive and iron shot over a belt of rushes for Horace, but for me, I had to play short of these rushes for a second shot, chipping over them to the hole in my third in the hope of securing a half, if he failed to hole in two off his iron. Once more I hit my ball badly on the head, and it stopped just in the proper place, sitting up nicely for the chip over.

Horace did not wait to get his iron, but hit a spared shot with the wooden club he had in his hand plop into the heart of a big rush. Now he had lately produced his clever little book, "Hints on Golf," and I knew it from cover to cover; so chipping my ball neatly over, I turned pleasantly to him and, quoting from his "Hints to Golfers of Riper Years," said: "It is better to hit the ball with the iron than to miss it with the spoon."

He did not seem so flattered as he ought to have been by this apt quotation from his work, but walked up to his ball, deep in a big rush, picked it up, and said shortly: "Your hole."

The next hole—a long one—Horace played perfectly, lying about a yard from the hole in three, while I was a little further off in four. I holed my fifth, but his ball turned slightly at the lip of the hole and did not go down. A half for me!

"That d—d thing kept me out," said Horace, pointing to a spot near the hole.

"Do not get into the habit of pointing out the peculiarly salient blade of grass which you imagine to have been the cause of your failing to hole your putt," I quoted.

Horace turned a baleful eye upon me: "Don't quote that infernal book at me, my temper won't stand it."

Then—I know it was wrong—I edged out of reach and got ready to run. I knew he would not run after me, for Horace always hated running.

"If you lose your temper you will most likely lose the match," I quoted warningly. He lost *both*! and had to hand me over three additional shillings to add to my five! He soon forgave me, after partaking of some slight refreshment I offered him on the strength of my ill-gotten gains, and two or three days later revenged himself by beating me by about a dozen holes.

I do not regret my shady conduct because now, in my old age, when I am asked what my form really was when I was younger, I say: "Oh well, I was never quite first-class, you know, but I have beaten Horace Hutchinson *level* over the Westward Ho! course when he was at his best." And after this my prosings on the Royal and Ancient game are treated with polite resignation and even outward respect.

### MISS LEITCH AGAIN.

A GOOD many male golfers must be glad that female suffrage is already an accomplished fact; otherwise they would have had Miss Leitch's latest triumph, not very

logically perhaps, but very naturally, dinned into their ears. Her defeat of a male scratch player in a set match over a long course, and that by a substantial margin, is a remarkable achievement. Last week she beat Mr. Josiah Livingston in a thirty-six hole match at Mid-Surrey by 6 up and 5 to play. It would no doubt be possible to choose a scratch player who would in the circumstances make a doughtier champion of his class than did Mr. Livingston. His strongest point is his putting, but he is not a very long driver, and with the Mid-Surrey tees far back and the ground slow, he was finding the two-shot holes something too long for him. It was in the wooden club play that Miss Leitch was gaining so much; truly a remarkable reversal of the usual state of things in a fight between the sexes. Some of the holes she played in at the beginning of the second round were magnificent. She was home with two glorious wooden club shots at the third against the wind and got her four; home with a drive and an iron at the fourth and holed a putt for three; close to the fifth hole, with her tee shot—it was a most difficult shot that day—and down went her putt for two. It was a really cruel sequence, enough to beat anybody.

### SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF CAMBRIDGE.

On Saturday last I had the pleasure of meeting the Cambridge side for the first time, when we played them a match at Woking. My impressions, as an enthusiastic supporter of Cambridge, were at once disappointing and cheering. It has been the general belief that whereas the first few Oxford men would be far too good for their opponents, the Cambridge side was solid and steady all through and that its "tail" might well beat that of Oxford. On Saturday last the players towards the end of the side were pretty heavily beaten by opponents of no extraordinary strength and did not, to be frank, look very good. On the other hand the first three players appear to me far better than they have been given credit for. Mr. Humphreys, who beat Mr. Clive Laurence, is very long and strong and, should the pair meet, may make Mr. Tolley hit his hardest. Mr. Hope has a good style and plays the game like one bred in a good school; he gave Mr. Evan Campbell, most reliable of players, a very hard run. Mr. Johnstone, with whom I played, seems to me to have the makings of a fine golfer. If the address is a little laboured and fidgety (I have here a fellow feeling for him), the club comes right through very truly indeed. It is really a fine swing and the ball flies far and straight. His long iron play is also firm and crisp and I believe he is normally a good putter, though on Saturday he was a little beaten for local knowledge on the greens. In fact, I am cheered as to the Cambridge head and a little depressed about its tail.

### OXFORD HEADS AND TAILS.

On the same day at Huntercombe evidence of an exactly opposite character was forthcoming. It was demonstrated that the Oxford head was not invincible and that the tail could wag to much purpose. Mr. Pollock had collected a very strong side. Mr. Hambro, Mr. Harris, Mr. Scrutton and Mr. Pollock himself, all four won their matches, and Mr. Hambro is, incidentally, the first man to have beaten Mr. Wethered, the Oxford captain. Mr. Wethered, however, went down gallantly with colours nailed to the mast, for though Mr. Hambro stood dormy three up, he only won at the last hole. Even after this bad start the Oxford men were only a point down in the singles and they did so well in the foursomes that they won on the whole day's play. Mr. Wethered and Mr. Tolley have played a good deal of golf together and are as strong in combination as they are individually. They beat Mr. Hambro and Mr. Harris by 3 up and 2 to play and that is a thing that takes some doing. Altogether it was a very good day's work for Oxford. Incidentally I see that Mr. Wethered has done a wise thing. He has already definitely chosen five of his team against Cambridge. Most people do all the better when they have not that uncomfortable feeling of playing for their place.

BERNARD DARWIN.

## SHOOTING NOTES

### GROUSE DRIVING: A MEMORABLE PICTURE.

**O**N the afternoon of September 19th a snell north wind drove through the valley with almost the force of a blizzard, leaving the lowlands grizzled for half an hour and the higher fells white beneath their first covering of snow. The writer chanced to make one of a driving party on the tops that day, and never, during an experience of over forty years grouse shooting, has he seen birds so bewildered as they were during that storm. The guns occupied a line of butts facing a wide expanse of flat, heathery floe, with the wind at their backs, when the squall broke. There were no half measures about it; the flakes fell thick and fast, as big as withered leaves, and visibility became reduced to not much over fifty yards. A large pack of grouse had gathered on the floe, and it was this moment that they chose to attempt the crossing of the line. A hundred and fifty or two hundred strong, they loomed through the snow like a flock of plovers, hugging the ground and flying right in the teeth of the wind; but their advance was held up by the rapid gun fire suddenly poured into them from three butts on their front, and for a much longer time than it takes to recount the incident the birds seemed to be fairly perplexed. Swerving upwards, with heads still to wind and pinions rapidly plying, they hung for a moment almost stationary in mid-air, and then, without appreciably either advancing or retiring, soared aloft till nearly lost to view in the snow. Very slowly the pack then seemed to recover something of its lost sense of direction; the majority swung athwart the butts and passed on, the remnant veering round with the wind and disappearing before it at tremendous velocity. During the period of their soaring the birds were assailed by six guns from three butts as fast as men could load and masters fire.

Dame Fortune had smiled on the guns through the blast, but the experience had been so disconcerting that many a bird undoubtedly owed its life to the fact that its whirring wings had deceived the eye into making allowance for a forward impetus which had suddenly been arrested. The guns had not tumbled to the situation quickly enough to take full toll of a golden opportunity, and the pick-up round our butt numbered no more than nineteen grouse, that of those on either flank probably scarcely so many, a somewhat meagre total as it seems now in retrospect. But what matters the mere reckoning of the slain? That unique picture of a snow-draped sky thickly studded with soaring grouse.

two or three of them often hanging dead together in mid-air—will remain green in the memory of all who beheld it long after the prosaic question of hitting or missing has ceased to be attractive even in a smoking-room reverie.

GEORGE BOLAM.

### FRENCH RIFLE FOR WILDFOWL.

I first saw one of these rifles about six years ago, and believe I wrote a short description of it which appeared in your columns. A friend has been kind enough to make me a present of this same rifle, so I am able to give more exact particulars regarding it, and hope to give it a thorough trial, so as to settle definitely its practical value. The main feature of the weapon is that there are three parallel bores in a single barrel. The calibre is .22, and three .22 Winchester rim-fire cartridges are fired simultaneously by means of a triple headed striker, which impinges on the rims of all three cartridges. The Winchester rim-fire cartridge differs from the Long rifle rim-fire, in that the case is of larger diameter, so that the bullet is inserted sufficiently deeply to cover all the lubrication grooves. The Long rifle case is of the same diameter as the bullet, so that the latter has to have a heel of reduced diameter at its base to fit into the mouth of the shell. In addition, the Winchester rim-fire cartridge is loaded with a 45 grain bullet, instead of 40 grain, and holds 50 per cent. more powder. The bullet, moreover, is flat topped, and altogether the cartridge is much more powerful than the Long rifle, while possessing an equal degree of accuracy. The three bored rifle has a simple and strong bolt action; the bolt is cupped at the forward end, and engages with lugs formed on the outside of the rear end of the barrel. The weight of the gun is 5lb. 13ozs., and the barrel is 26ins. in length. There is a fixed open sight for 50 mètres, and hinged flaps for 100 mètres and 150 mètres. The rifle is intended for shore shooting, the idea being that three bullets travelling in a close bunch are more likely to hit a small object like a duck, than one. I have tried the rifle at cardboard profiles of duck, cut to the natural size, and at 100 mètres I think a duck should be hit twice out of three times. However, I will say no more as to this unusual weapon's capabilities until I have considerable data to work on. It is a fascinating little toy, and if it proves capable of killing, say, half its shots at 100yds., should be a really useful addition to the equipment of the wildfowler. I may add that the three cartridges fired at once give no appreciable recoil, while the report appears to be no louder than that of a single .22 cartridge.

FLEUR-DE-LYS.

## ENGLAND v. FRANCE.

BY LEONARD

R. TOSSWILL.

**I**F Mrs. Battle had been the creature of a later century there is little doubt that she would have approved of the game at Twickenham last Saturday. The "rigour of the game" was there, but, instead of the "clear fire" and "clean hearth," there was a dry ground, a fast and open match, and a glimpse of sunshine to show our visitors that, even in January, London is not always a city of rain and fog.

It is quite evident that Rugby football is making great strides in France: with a little more luck the French team would have beaten England and, though they lost the match by five points, on the whole they played better football. During the first half of the game they were clearly the better side and were unlucky not to have a lead at half time. Afterwards, England, with a fairly strong wind behind them, but only fourteen players, improved; even so, they only scored once; they had other chances, but threw them away. The French team of 1920 was a great improvement on that of 1914, and also on the French Army XV which was beaten by New Zealand last year.

England owed her victory to a brilliant individual effort by W. J. A. Davies, whose form all through the match showed quite conclusively what a mistake it had been to leave him out of the team that played against Wales. In spite of the many good openings made by Davies and Kershaw, the play of the English back division was a failure, and this was the fault of the centre three-quarter backs. These got out of position continually; did not run straight and consequently bored their wings to the touch-line before passing; took their passes standing still; hesitated and failed to back each other up; in fact, they played like beginners. On the other hand, the French backs kept their places well, gave and took their passes cleanly, and generally showed such an admirable knowledge of the game and ability to carry out concerted movements, as to afford a real object-lesson both to their opponents and the spectators.

The French try was the result of a clever run by Lavigne, who "sold the dummy" most successfully to Hammett—a man who has learned his football in Wales! The outstanding players on the French side were Cambre, the full-back, who fielded the ball beautifully and kicked very well; Struxiano,

the captain, who, with his partner Billac, played a fine game at half-back and opened up the game well for his three-quarters; Thierry, Pons, Lubin and Cassayet—all dashing forwards—and Crabos, Lavigne's partner in the centre, who was a sound kick and a fearless tackler.

It was unfortunate that some ignorant, or misguided, spectators booed and hissed a French player for a hard but perfectly fair tackle. After all, Rugby football is not a game for "bread and butter misses," and, to most of us, the match seemed to be played in a thoroughly sportsmanlike spirit by both sides.

For the winners Davies and Greenwood were responsible for every successful movement. The English captain plays better every time we see him, and the Selection Committee are indeed fortunate in having persuaded this really fine forward to postpone his retirement from the game. W. W. Wakefield again played a great game and was always on the ball. F. Taylor, of Leicester, was so good that he should be certain of retaining his place in the team. Conway, Holford and Wright all did well at times, and Mellish played much better than at Swansea. Merriam was hurt at the end of the first half and was off the field during the rest of the game; he was the forward who could be spared best, for he was not nearly as good as the others. Millett, at full-back, was not an improvement on Cumberlege. I still think that W. H. Pemberton, who played so well in the trial match at Aigburth, is better than either; possibly Wilkinson, of Leicester, is the best of all. The little that Lowe had to do was as well done as usual. Lowry made the most of his chances, but, like Lowe, was backed up miserably. Kershaw got the ball out well and had an excellent understanding with Davies.

A light comedy touch was provided in the match by a very stout *brancardier* with an even stouter "bag of tricks" who rushed on to the ground to render "first aid" at the least provocation, to the delight of all the spectators. The other unconscious humourist was the referee, Mr. W. A. Robertson, whose fantasias on the whistle were performed with great accuracy and much expression. At times he seemed about to break into a lament, and the exigencies of the game must have robbed him of many an encore.